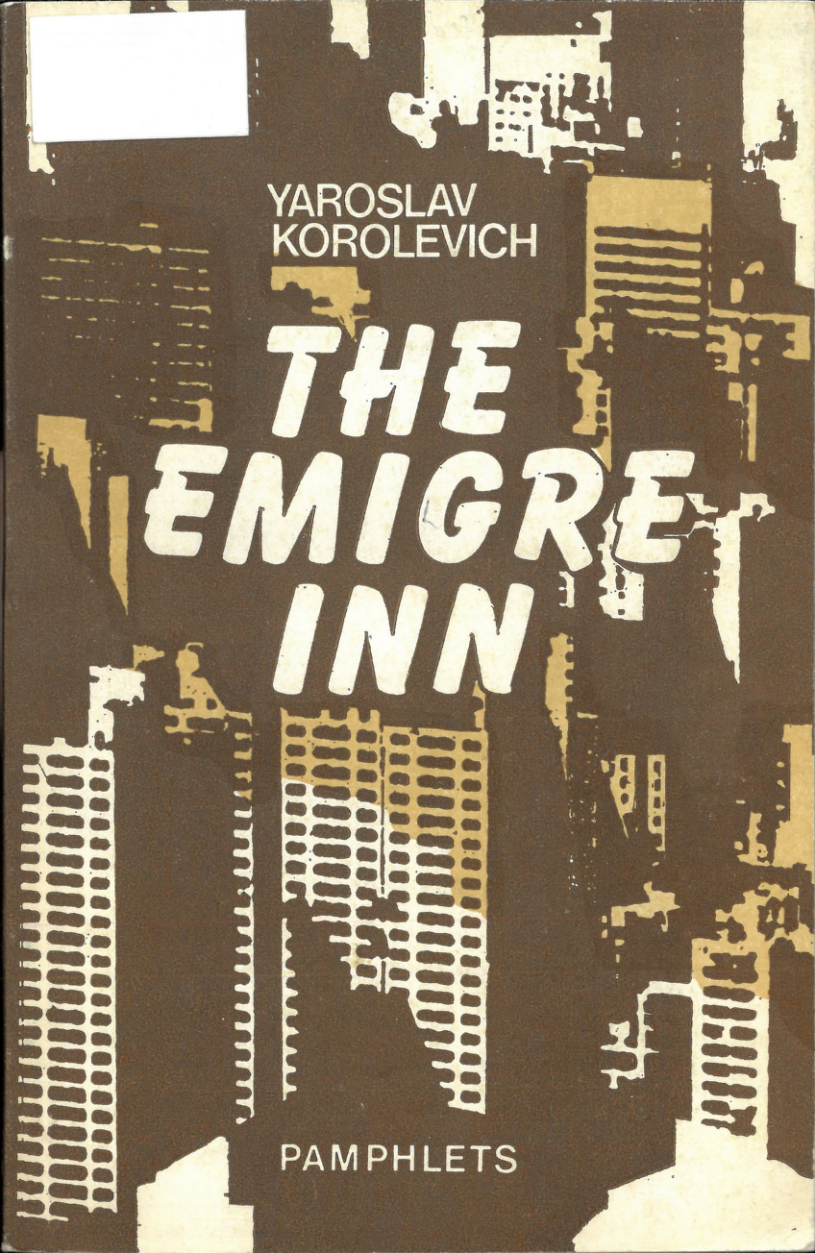
YAROSLAV
KOROLEVICH
THE
EMIGRE
INN
PAMPHLETS

YAROSLAV
KOROLEVICH

THE EMIGRE INN

PAMPHLETS

Kiev
Dnipro Publishers
1985

ЯРОСЛАВ КОРОЛЕВИЧ

НА ЕКЗИЛЬНОМУ ЗАЇЗДІ

Памфлети

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Serhiy Olexiv

Printed in the USSR

© Dnipro Publishers, 1985.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION 4
THE PRICE OF SELL-OUT "PATRIOTS" 5
IN SEARCH OF A NAIVE ELEPHANT 14
WHO IS SPOOKED OUT AND HOW .. 22
A SORT OF GOVERNMENT IN EXILE 28
A WHOLE LOT OF HAPPINESS 31
A NECKLACE OF POTTERY PIECES .. 37
EXCOMMUNICATION FROM... A GOAT 46
MR. LIAR, ESQ., FROM ILLINOIS ... 52
OVECHKO'S MYSTERIOUS EXERCISES 59
OUT OF THE BLUE 64
ALMS FOR THE POOR! 69
THE WEEK OF PROVOCATIONS AGAINST NATIONS 72
COSTS OF PIOUS PAROXYSM 77
WHEN CAIN SHED TEARS 82
A FIT OF HANGMAN'S HUMANISM .. 88

INTRODUCTION

The entire history of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism is permeated with speculation on a prime human value, patriotism. Pronouncements of utter love for the Ukraine and her people, and "patriotic" mimicry behind which they try to hide their true essence very much resemble the good old travelling theater with popular attractions meant for naive and not quite fastidious audiences. Their gimmicks are becoming so cheap and trite that even within the nationalist milieu the response they get more and more often is indignation and contempt.

Caught up in fits of "yearning for Ukrainian independence and sovereignty" these sorts of patriots have been readily selling the Ukraine wholesale and retail to anyone who would pay. Voicing their concern for the future of the Ukrainian people, they did all they could to help the Nazis in plundering the Ukraine and killing Ukrainians. Thrown out from the Ukraine along with their petty Hitlers, and pledging their "hatred" for the big Hitler, they are again shedding niagaras of tears meant to fit into the trendy thesis of "defense of human rights." Wailing on this wave, the clowns of the patriotic stripe urge the use of neutron bombs against the Ukraine which, in their view, would bring to their "dear land" a whole lot of happiness. True, half of the Ukraine's population could die from so much happiness, but that's the rules of the game...

In a similar way these "Ukrainophiles" care for the Ukrainian community abroad. Filling their leaflets with sugary reiterations of their virtuous intentions and extensive activities in the realm of culture for the sake of retaining ethnic identity, they mill about like common

pickpockets, sensing it's time that they should use the chances. Consequently, they draw as much as they can from donations which they amass by fooling the gullible people. And each one of them tries to grab more. This is why they stage among themselves cockfights for the leading posts in their sort of organizations whose names are so bombastic that it seems the future of mankind depends solely on them. As they say, each fly wants to become an elephant.

Even a computer would fail to calculate the amount of paper needed to describe all the "achievements" and "merits" of Ukrainian nationalists.

Certainly it is impossible to do it in a small pamphlet. Its purpose is to describe the "activities" of separate nationalist chieftains and their, hm.., organizations so that the reader gets the idea of the criminal and treacherous essence of these "patriots" of their own purse and their limitless ambition.

The facts used in this book are not the product of this writer's fantasy. They have been borrowed from the nationalist publications. They prove more convincingly than I could that the Ukrainian nationalists have always been, are and will remain the greatest enemies of the Ukrainian people.

THE PRICE OF SELL-OUT "PATRIOTS"

Rich are Ukrainian fairs. Those who've attended them could see for themselves, others may have read about it in the works of Nikolai Gogol or Ostap Vishnya. Everything's put on sale at these fairs — wool and textiles, rugs and poultry, fish and flax, horses and nails, tar and swine — you name it. There's only one thing lacking: the sell-out "patriots" of the Ukraine. They have their own fair which is totally different from a normal

market. At a normal market, say in Sorochintsi or other famous market towns in the Ukraine, you buy and sell as it should be, but those "patriots" are engaged in international trading operations, exclusively in exile.

That's the first difference.

The second difference lies in the fact that at a normal market, for instance, a man decides to sell a cow. A customer comes up and here he has the commodity right in front of his eyes. Do as you please, feel the udder, scratch the beast behind the ear or even twist her tail. You want it, you pay the money, set a rope on her neck and off you go.

Things are much more complicated at the "patriotic" market. They don't sell cows here, but "dear Mother Ukraine." You can't set a rope on her, and it cannot be sold, and it doesn't belong to them.

There's a third difference, too. It never happened that while selling a cow the owner said to the buyer, "Buy me along with the cow. I'm not asking much." At the "patriotic" market, however, this is a necessary condition. The trading operation looks quite like this: "Please buy the Ukraine and us along with her. We are not just bastards who sell our former homeland. We're independent, sovereign, pan-Ukrainian patriots!"

Each word is true here. After all, no one other than one of the first sell-out "patriots" of the Ukraine, Simon Petlura, once admitted, "We have to find, for the sake of Ukrainian state interests, such persons among influential international officials who could be interested in the idea of Ukrainian statehood and who could have from this real profit for themselves, be it political or material." Isn't this brilliant proof of a "dedicated love" for the Ukraine?

There is many a voyer for a tasty morsel. Seeing that selling the Ukraine under a delicate sauce of "independence struggle" is a profitable enterprise at the anti-

Soviet foreign market, they got carried away to the extent that they started to sell, and then sell again their "dear homeland" to anyone who'd pay. Various "patriotic" organizations and associations, with as bombastic names as could be, began to appear like bubbles in a puddle during a shower. Hardly had one bubble burst when another appeared. One such active anti-Soviet bubble under the name of UMO (Ukrainian Military Organization) came to surface in the 1920s in Prague. It was formed from former "Sich riflemen" and was headed by the former non-commissioned officer of the Austro-Hungarian Army and an agent of the German intelligence, Yevhen Konovalets. The "Sich riflemen" had made a service record to the Ukrainian people when they hanged and tortured the workers of the Arsenal Plant in Kiev during the January 1918 Uprising.

They were quick sellers. As was admitted by one nationalist leader, they counted on "carving up the Ukraine... giving the Right-Bank Ukraine to the Poles and the Left-Bank Ukraine to the Germans." That's it. And the main thing, a very "patriotic" enterprise. And the customers weren't stingy. The German Abwehr, for instance, paid Konovalets 9,000 reichsmarks a month. They also never refused to accept French francs, the Romanian lei, the Czech krona or the Polish zloty. It isn't hard to imagine what kind of "independent and sovereign" happiness was prepared for the Ukraine by Konovalets and the like when they sold the Ukraine to so many buyers at a time. The trading fervor carried them so far that they started to sell not only the Ukraine, but also sold their masters to one another as was brilliantly made by Konovalets. For instance, while asking Pilsudski to set up his own army to fight against Soviet rule, Konovalets at the same time was selling Poland to the German intelligence.

Any fence would frown at such dealings, but the market of "sell-out patriots" has its own rules. How

can one have any pangs of morality when one sells oneself?

But that's not all. The worst thing was that the Ukraine did not want to "be liberated." How can it be? They had already taken money for her, carved her up into "sovereign" parts and sold them to the new masters, but the Ukrainian people wouldn't move a finger. They simply didn't want to be sold into "eternal sovereignty."

What could be done?

So, the "independent exiles" started to reorganize in accordance with an old Ukrainian saying, "Let's rebuild the house — maybe there'll be spare logs left."

Indeed, what does the name UMO mean? asked the masters of the "liberation heroes." What kind of military forces? Only a state could have military forces, but not the gangs of exiled murderers and traitors without any ideology whatsoever. Therefore the name was quickly changed: from UMO it transformed into the OUN, the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists. The function remained the same, just as the destiny to remain SOB's till the end of time. Only a sort of ideological flavor was added, to make the organization more presentable.

Really, it was exactly as described, without any exaggeration. After all, it was one of the leaders of the OUN, Stepan Lenkavsky, who, after the rout of Nazi Germany, wrote in a Banderite magazine, "We are interested in and we value SOB's, a category of people who can do anything they're told. It is such people who should be promoted to the leading bodies." And this he signed by a fully matching pen-name, "Wolf's Tail." That's the type of characters who formed the OUN. However, the No. 1 SOB among the "patriotic milieu" at that time was definitely Yevhen Konovalets.

It was Konovalets who became the first leader of the organization. But to present himself as OUN's SOB was

somehow not quite proper, so after long deliberations it was decided to call him "the leader." But, as they say, it's not the cover that matters, but the content. Well, the content of the OUN "leader" fully complied with the program of the OUN and its, so to say, ideological platform.

What kind of platform was it?

The following was written by another SOB, pardon — leader, of the OUN, Andriy Melnyk, who succeeded Konovalets after his death: "...that Ukrainian organization which struggles for the solution of the Ukrainian issue in general must act in full compliance with the respective officials of Germany and to be in the wake of her policy..." because "not a single state is as interested in the solution of this problem as Germany." To what extent Nazi Germany was interested in Ukrainian affairs was revealed during World War II. With an eye to this, one starts to understand why the OUN employed the same form of salute as the Nazis. Besides, the standard given to it was so similar to the Nazi one that even Adolf Hitler could easily mistake for his own.

As for the program, it was sheer "philanthropy" SS-style. "Don't hesitate to commit the greatest crime," "if there's need of terror, we'll make it a boiling inferno," "if there's need of blood, we'll provide an ocean of blood." They did provide it. And why not? After all, the main ideologist of Ukrainian nationalism, Dmitro Dontsov, while referring to the Ukrainian people as "the gray mass," "slaves without character and willpower," urged that these people should be "pierced with swords under the ribs and burned with a hot iron."

When Western Ukrainian lands reunited with Soviet Ukraine, the "independent" nationalist types couldn't endure such an insult and escaped from Galicia to Nazi-occupied Poland, choosing Cracow as their gathering spot. Stepan Bandera also turned up in Cracow.

Having acquired a firm footing, he started to push Melnyk off the "leadership" which the latter had assumed after the death of Konovalets. Feeling such encroachments, Melnyk rushed to Berlin to muzzle the rising Bandera. Summoned for a talk to the Abwehr headquarters, Bandera did not spare tar to tarnish the contender. Bandera also gave promises that he would gather such a gang of cutthroats who would tear their own fathers to shreds, to say nothing about the Ukraine. All that was needed was a wink from the masters from the Nazi intelligence. This die-hard resolve appealed to the Abwehr people, and Bandera was granted support. He fully matched the requirements for the OUN leader. As was written by Colonel E. Stolze who was in charge of the "patriotic" riff-raff in the Abwehr, "Bandera was a careerist, fanatic and bandit." In other words, an ideal candidate for the "leader."

This split the OUN into two stinking splinters, the Banderite OUN and the Melnykite OUN. And here it all began...

Jointly selling the Ukraine to the invaders, the two groups tore, as best they could, at one another. The result was quite impressive. As was testified by one of the leaders of the Melnykite OUN, B. Mykhailyuk, aka Z. Knysh, in his book B a n d e r a ' s M u t i n y, the Banderites put to death about 4,000 Melnykites. Of course the Melnykites reciprocated. According to the Banderite data, thousands of Bandera's associates were removed from the "liberation struggle" by the Melnykites. That's the price they paid for the "independent" selling of the Ukraine.

How did the masters view this throat-slashing? They just let it go, because the bloodbath was quite useful for them as it enabled them to hold the reins of control over both packs with more ease. It was for this purpose that the Abwehr instigated the split in the OUN which was openly stated by the SD and Security Police Chief in

Rovno, Miller: "We spent millions and put tremendous effort in order to place Bandera on a par with Melnyk. We'll spare nothing to create dozens more Banderas." In other words, let them kill each other in attempts to become the leader in that soap bubble which the Nazis made for them and disguised as "independent" Ukraine. What kind of soap bubble it was can be proven by the current chief SOB, pardon — "leader," of the Munich-based Banderites, Yaroslav Stetsko, who is often referred to as the "three-day premier." The point is that in 1941 on Abwehr's permission he proclaimed an "independent Ukraine" in Lviv, and appointed himself the premier. Alas, three days after, his masters offered him a cold shower and scattered his cockeyed "government" to the four winds. The bubble exploded, and that was the end of the independence game. Indeed, why would the Nazis want some kind of "independent" Stetsko in their plans to annex the Ukraine into the Third Reich?

Killing each other in the strife for big and petty offices in the Nazi-occupied Soviet territories, in their views and actions the Banderites and Melnykites differed as much as two hungry wolves who set their eyes on one prey. It was simply a competition as to who would serve the Nazis better. They served really well, to match the thugs from the SS and the SD.

The pathological cruelty of the OUNite legions Nachtigall and Roland, in which both the Banderites and the Melnykites served, surprised even the Nazis. What kind of beast the OUNite was is testified by the West German researcher W. Brockdorf in his description of how the legionnaires entered the streets of Lviv in 1941. He wrote, "Members of the Nachtigall put long knives in their teeth, rolled up the sleeves of their shirts and carried rifles across their chests... as if insane, shouting loudly, with foam on their lips, their eyes bulging, the Ukrainian nationalists swept the streets of

Lviv... Each one who fell into their hands was cruelly murdered..."

It's not difficult to guess what kind of memory the "liberators" had left behind among the Soviet people in the temporarily occupied territories.

Grovelling to the Nazis, the nationalist "leaders" kept begging them to allow the OUN to set up its own regular troops. The masters were silent for a long time, because although their servants were quite zealous, they in no way were aryans. Only in 1943, when even Hitler probably understood that the end was coming, the permission was given. Let the volunteers shed some of their "independent" blood for the salvation of the Reich. As a result the SS Division Galizien was formed. The combat glory of the "volunteer" division commenced and culminated with a thorough fiasco in the year 1944 at Brody. That was the combat road of the short-lived division.

After the war, scattered throughout the world, the OUN "leadership" quickly found new masters. It's not surprising, taking into account their selling and betraying experience. But how could the shattered remains of the nationalists be of some use to their new masters?

Not to be obliterated from the anti-Soviet market, the OUNites began to disguise their political impotence with fairy-tales of some great "underground movement" and a very active "resistance movement" of the Ukrainian people against Soviet government. For this purpose, according to plans dictated by the Abwehr, the nationalist gangs were left behind in the territory of Western Ukraine. The aim of these "security units" was to kill Soviet citizens and to prove the lie of a "resistance movement" by raids on villages and farmsteads. As one of the former leaders of the OUN, M. Matviyejko reminisces, Bandera and Stetsko, who were well aware that there was no underground movement in the Ukraine at all, sent

him to the Ukraine so that he could send back to them reports that, allegedly, this movement did exist. "This, in the opinion of Bandera and Stetsko, could give them an opportunity to manipulate this information before foreign intelligence services and, in this manner, to obtain funds," wrote M. Matviyejko.

Four decades have elapsed since World War II. And although former Abwehr agents now snarl at Adolf Hitler because "hitleriada" is out of fashion today, the essence of the OUNite pack is as fascist as ever. They have joined hands with the John Birch Society, are hailing Pinochet, urge the United States to become a global gendarme, have established ties with the Mafia and are putting out feelers to Peking, and, most surprising of all, have entered into an alliance with the Zionists, although in his time Stetsko hailed the Nazi policy of solving the "Jewish question" and insisted on complete extermination of Jews without even considering their assimilation. Today, he's eager to assimilate himself. In a word, any hints of moral principles don't exist when the nationalists are in question.

This explains why the nationalist leaders are wailing that their image is dwindling, and less and less people respect them. OUNite affairs seem to be really bad if back in 1948, living in Munich, in the center of the Banderite emigration, a former professor of law from Lviv, Lukyanovych, admitted, "Banderiada is a gangrene on our nationalist body."

That's hitting the bull's eye. It's really gangrene, because it's impossible to combine the "Ukrainophile" hysterics, claptrap about the "plight" of "human rights" in their "dear homeland" with the calls to use the atom bomb, if not neutron bomb, against the Ukraine, against the people whom they so much want to "defend." One should only add that Banderiada and the OUNite concept in general is the gangrene on the body of those

nations where it exists. It is spat at by honest people. And this gangrene has been cut off securely from the healthy national body.

Illness eats OUN out. Gangrene is a fatal disease. Well, as old people say, rest with God's blessing. You deserve it.

IN SEARCH OF A NAIVE ELEPHANT

If it could only happen that as soon as a person tells a lie, the tongue turns into an immobile bone. Alas, it doesn't happen, say whatever you want, and it doesn't ache. This boneless quality of the tongue is widely used by expert liars, but not those who like to chew the rag with neighbors on a warm summer evening, because they know the limit, but the so-to-say global liars, those who like so much to swing their "independent" emblem, the trident. These latter characters don't amuse. They use their lithe tongues in a totally different way. When they season their lies with the flavor of the patriotic tear, the end product becomes so corny that it would probably make even an elephant go soft, but only if it's a naive elephant who has just left the jungle and doesn't know a thing about "sovereign-independent" affairs.

One such sentimental show has been staged in recent years in the USA and Canada, as well as some other Western countries. Together with pious Uniate clerics it was co-produced by Ukrainian nationalist leaders. However, the melodramatic show requires a gullible audience. And where do you get one nowadays? So they search for the naive elephant, directing their "patriotic" avalanche primarily on the heads of Ukrainian youth born in other countries after the war. The idea is that for these young people the four decades which have passed since

the war should serve as the jungle through which it's hard to see what's really happening in the world. If you add to this jungle some more tales about the "heroic," meaning sell-out, past, the jungle will turn into an impenetrable thicket. And then you wouldn't find an elephant more naive. What kind of show is it in which the "independent" actors walk up to their knees in their own tears? It's the jubilee of a "Ukrainian disivion" created in 1943 to "fight for purely national interests." That the division was purely Ukrainian can be proven by its full name: The Grenadieren Waffen SS Division Galizien. A very Cossack name. Yet, let's not discuss the name. After all, it could be a tactical move of the nationalist strategists with which they wanted to mislead the enemy.

So that sceptics have no doubt regarding the "purely Ukrainian character" of the SS Division Galizien, the former Petlura general M. Kapustiansky in his History of the Ukrainian Army gave a very precise account of the "independent" character of that unit. "All senior posts in the division were Germans," he wrote. "Similarly, the command of the infantry, artillery regiments and almost all battalions was in German hands... So pervasive was the German influence that even the cooks of companies and batteries, and sergeant-majors were German. Even the smallest unit had its German — the eyes and ears of the Division command." Even the brass band leader was a German, a certain Nissen, who watched carefully that Deutschland, Deutschland über alles sounded very Ukrainian.

What kind of a national division was it then? If all the key posts were German, where were the Ukrainians? Well, there were Ukrainians, and the posts they held were honorary and heroic. As is asserted by the nationalist researchers themselves, Ukrainian "grenadieren" were "German tools," "hired hands" and "cannonfodder."

Exactly so it was written in the nationalist journal Samostijna Ukraina (Independent Ukraine). But what can be done, those were indispensable losses in the struggle for "purely Ukrainian interests." This is again asserted by the oath of allegiance the Division members took in 1943, in Lviv with the blessing of enrobed cutthroats sent for this "holy mission" by Metropolitan Andrij Sheptitsky. The oath included the following lines:

"Zealously serve Adolf Hitler, the Führer of the great Germany!

"Till the end of life be loyal to Adolf Hitler as the great Führer of a new Europe!"

Having in this manner pledged allegiance to "Ukrainian interests," the nationalist Grenadieren three times hailed Sieg Heil! and moved to St. George's Cathedral for a holy mass conducted by His Grace Joseph Cardinal Slipij who blessed Ukrainian youths to serve loyally in the Nazi army. No, there is no mistake. After all, Metropolitan Sheptitsky personally issued the order to holy fathers to "engage in the mobilization action the respectable parishioners, loyal to the Church, who would encourage their sons to serve in the German army."

Where is that "Ukrainian interest" about which a certain Kost Hirnyak wrote at length in Samostijna Ukraina? According to him, the Ukrainian nationalists, allegedly, stubbornly resisted the Nazi invaders. Maybe this resistance was revealed in the three-time Sieg Heil! yelled in the first days of the Nazi occupation? After all, they shouted it with the "independent" Ukrainian accent, demonstrating in this manner their full "sovereignty" and, in passing, their striving toward the purity of the native tongue. Nothing to say: full-fledged patriots in SS outfit. In this manner they fought on three fronts: with German weapons against the Soviet Army,

with daggers, noose and axe against civilians in Western Ukrainian regions, and with daily shouts of S i e g H e i l! against the Nazis. This latter "uncompromized struggle" against Hitler was apparently the most exhausting, and it's not strange.

Try several days in a row to shout S i e g H e i l! several times a day so that, without any compromise, to serve "Independent" Ukrainian interests. That's the way it is. This is why, as was admitted, "...some of us appeared in certain military units in cooperation with Germans." In simple words, from this overload they decided to ignore the Ukrainian accent and shifted toward mastering the German pronunciation, because as strategists with insight they sensed that they would have to leave their homeland for the "Vaterland." And, generally, if you name yourself a Ukrainian nationalist and patriot who seeks "independence," you should change accent depending on circumstances. As for the OUNite milieu, it had the German, or to be more precise, Nazi accent still from the prewar period. The entire upper crust of fighters for "national interests," including Konovalets, Melnyk, Bandera and Stetsko, were paid agents of the Nazi intelligence and the Gestapo.

Like it or not, but there was no struggle of the OUN against the Nazi invaders. The nationalists joined the Wehrmacht military formations from sheer realization of the fact that the pathetic and optimistic hysteria of Adolf Hitler regarding the blitzkrieg gave way like a rotten pumpkin under a wheel. And so many expectations were placed on that pumpkin. Similarly, nobody forced the nationalists to set up military formations. Many a hole was worn in many a knee by those genuflexed, Nazi-permitted "leaders," "premiers" and "chiefs" begging Hitler for permission to set up a military formation so that with the sons of the Ukrainian people, over whose destiny they lament to this day, to patch holes on the Soviet-

German front. There were more and more patches as time went by. They particularly increased after the Battle of Stalingrad as it smelled of imminent k a p u t. Well realizing that the smell of k a p u t was quite different from the fragrance of daisies, and had a personal touch, the quasi-leader of the OUN, A. Melnyk, on February 6, 1943, wrote a grovelling letter to the chief of the General Staff of the Wehrmacht, Field Marshall Keitel attempting to prove the urgent necessity of sending the "loyal forces" to the "anti-Bolshevik" front. After a while, on April 28, 1943, the Governor of the District G a l i z i e n, SS-B r i g a d e f ü h r e r Otto Wächter summoned a small group of the OUNite and Uniate chieftains and announced to them Hitler's permission to set up the 14th G r e n a d i e r e n W a f f e n SS D i v i s i o n G a l i z i e n. One can hardly imagine what a reaction the news caused — a sheer holiday, a special honor, recognition and heartfelt gratitude. After all, they became almost "equal allies," and even more than that. From then on Ukrainians were supposed to rejoice at being Nazis, and not Cossacks. For some reason, though, those members of the OUN who were not meant to sit in the trenches, in other words those who had not yet been granted the noble title of "cannonfodder" were rejoicing much more than the others. Others were less joyful, because the mobilization, as is now recognized by the nationalist publications, was conducted in a not quite "delicate manner."

The Nazis, too, rejoiced at the appearance of an "equal comrade-in-arms." And it was apparently from great joy that the aforementioned Otto Wächter issued a regulation to the big wigs of the district in which he wrote: "You must avoid such figures of speech that could cause any form of b r u d e r s c h a f t between Germans and Ukrainians... Ukrainians should not be called allies."

Well, that's up to the boss. After all, the nationalist

elite are not that ambitious when Ukrainian interests are at stake. Their ambition enhances only when they distribute money which is paid for the patriotism by the new bosses, pardon — allies. And it's only natural, since money is a serious matter. It's not the peeling of the bells of independence for boosting combat morale amidst the gullible cannonfodder, pardon — defenders of Ukrainian interests. The interested attitude of the "proud and sovereign" nationalist "leadership" to foreign currency was asserted after the war, at an interrogation, by the war criminal, Abwehr Colonel A. Bisanz who was the head of a military department in charge of forming the notorious SS Division Galizien. Colonel Bisanz personally handed out the occupational zlotys and marks to the incorruptible defenders of the homeland.

Having the golden equivalent of the eternal bruderschaft on the part of the Nazis, in July 1944 the nationalists quickly stationed their division at Brody to confront the Soviet troops of the 1st Ukrainian Front. There the Grenadieren began their combat road. In fact, they also ended it right there. What survived from the Division in a victorious gallop rushed across the Carpathians. Later, to Yugoslavia and Slovakia to fight the partisans. And for this, the partisans inscribed several impressive pages in the "combat-glory history" of the Waffen-patriots. And gallop again. During this last gallop the battered Grenadieren were quickly renamed the 1st Ukrainian Division of the Ukrainian National Army and the SS-Brigadeführer Freitag was replaced as commander by the Ukrainian SS-man, or better to say "patriot," Petro Shandruk. And then the nationalist warriors continued their glorious path: surrender to the British troops, an almost two-year sit-out in the Rimini camp in Italy, where the British intelligence selected spies and sabotage agents for infiltration into the Soviet Union. And this, naturally, entailed another

change of accent, since they changed Reichsmarks into Pounds Sterling. Only in 1947, after thorough seeding and sifting, the warriors were taken to Britain from where, as time went by, they spread to all parts of the Western world as an ink stain spreads on a tablecloth.

Having spotted the different countries, they started to merge into different associations and fraternities of has-beens. One such amalgamation, called "The Fraternity of the Former Soldiers of the 1st UNA Division," was born in Munich in 1950, and the next year — in the United States. In 1952, a fraternity with the lively name of "Brody-Lions" came into being (as for what kind of lions they were was shown at Brody). And certainly they couldn't do without their printed organs. The "Brody-Lions," for instance, started their own bulletin, and others did, too. In them, the former SS-men are painting their own bright patriotic pictures of history. And not only history, geography also. For instance, a former member of the SS-Division, Roman Drazhnyovsky, has marked such geographical boundaries of "independent Ukraine" that it spreads almost to all continents. According to Drazhnyovsky, the nationalist trident hangs in the Tropic of Cancer, too. Probably for this flight of geographical fantasy the National Geographic Society awarded him a special medal. Drazhnyovsky is the chief of fraternities of the surviving "combattants," as they've anglicized themselves, and is the editor of the bulletins The Combattant News and The Day of Green Holidays where they don't mince words about their sacred love for the Ukraine, their disinterested devotion to her, their patriotism and those sacrifices which put on the altar of struggle for the establishment of a paradise for the Ukrainian people.

Why do they need this faked patriotic lamentation? To catch a naive elephant in the verbal jungle. Certainly, it's a soapy, corny show. But not only that.

On the 27th of February, 1977, the leftovers of the division marked its "jubilee" in the Uniate Assumption Church in Montreal. The "holy mass" under Nazi standards was attended by 80 fully uniformed patriotic SS-men and murderers headed by a very militant Vinnytsky who declared from the pulpit: "No one has relieved us from the oath we took during the war. We former members of the division must not forget about it." Finishing up his patriotic appelation by a call on the former Grenadieren to pass on their fratricidal experience to the younger Ukrainian generation, he called on the young to "follow the path of their fathers." Meaning, go and let your bones be scattered around, because "the oath of allegiance to Hitler was not revoked, it is still binding," as was written several years ago by the Samostijna Ukraina. Sure, Adolf did not revoke the oath — he did not have time. In his bunker he barely managed to revoke his own title of the "Führer of the new Europe." And these so-to-say Ukrainians still pride themselves on the Nazi-administered oath. As you see, this Ukrainophile hoopla is all for show, and in reality the whole stature is meant to disguise criminal intentions. And the show the former Grenadieren play is not just sentimental. And not a love for the Ukraine makes their hearts restless. It's the ashes of the dead Adolf whom they helped to kill their own people that scratch on their stiffened, man-hating hearts. That's why they lean to those who like to rattle the sabre.

However, the Ukrainian public abroad does not want to be caught in the OUNite nets. It does not want to be a naive elephant. It does not want the war of which the SS-Grenadieren daydream. It does not want to repeat the pitiful experience of Dobosh and Klymchuk whom the "patriotic" elite in exile tried to send, like naive elephants, on a "liberation" spy mission from the OUN to the Soviet Union. The result of it is well known.

It's not accidental that the Uniate publication Amerika complains that the majority of Ukrainians abroad "are not OUNites and don't want to belong to them."

What's happened to the OUNites? They've set up all sorts of fraternities, Uniate priests sing hosanna to them, at the 3rd Convention of the World Congress of Free Ukrainians they grabbed all leading posts, they reiterate, non-stop, something sweetly-patriotic, and yet Ukrainians abroad try to avoid them.

The reason is that no matter how hard you dress the devil in shoes, the hoofs will knock anyway. It was about these hoofs that the nationalist paper Vilne Slovo wrote: "A new class has been born here in the emigration — a class of worthless political liars... These rascals are so ambitious in fooling everyone that with time they themselves believe in their own lies. In any situation they reveal their inclination to slave-like grovelling, and those positions that they have elbowed out for themselves they use exclusively for their lying purposes." If in their own milieu and in this manner they evaluate the "high morality" of the nationalist chieftains, then only from a weakness in the mental department can anyone join their clan.

This is why the sweet lamentation about "dear mother" Ukraine does not help these types. Because Ukrainians abroad are not naive elephants and don't want to be cannonfodder in the feverish dreams of these Waffen combattants.

WHO IS SPOOKED OUT AND HOW

Different folks can be spooked out in different ways: some may start yelling, others go numb, and some act as that rabbit who wanted to spook out a lion and said, "Even if I fail, at least I'll die nicely."

Something similar is taking place now in Ukrainian bourgeois-nationalist organizations. The point is that Ukrainians living abroad cause much trouble, particularly in recent years, to the leaders of all sorts of Ukrainian Canadian Committees, Ukrainian Congress Committees of America and such like. The trouble is that these Ukrainians all of a sudden felt like promoting cultural ties with the Soviet Ukraine travelling to their ethnic homeland by the thousands. "So what?" a reader may implore. "Let them visit, let them see how people in the Ukraine live, let them meet with relatives. Nothing bad about it, and what's the trouble?"

Well, it's a lot of trouble to all sorts of "doctors," "masters," "Sovietologists," "Ukrainologists" and others. After all, by travelling to the Ukraine people not simply look around but also draw conclusions which, for some reason, don't coincide with the revelations of the "spiritual advisers" about the current state of things in the land of their ancestors. This is not all. After a visit, tourists allow themselves to make private or published statements like the one carried in the January 1978 issue of Ukrainian Life:

"...The Ukraine and Ukrainians are so strong and rich that they will exist much longer than all of your parties. The Ukraine is now more known in the world not because of all sorts of 'ites' (Banderites, Melnykites and alike — Ya. K.), but because of the activity of Ukrainian museums, fine and folk arts, music..."

Everything seems to have been done to discourage foreign Ukrainians from visiting the Ukraine. They were spooked out by Siberia, by allegations that every foreign Ukrainian in Soviet hotels is photographed even in bed and so on...

All to no effect. With each year more and more tourists come to the Ukraine, and there's nothing one can do about it. So they appealed to the holy fathers. The

holy fathers did not need to be begged for long, because they well knew from where the heavenly manna falls. So, the Most Reverend Mstyslav (Stepan Skrypnyk), the metropolitan of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church, jumped on the pulpit and started to castigate the unfaithful: "No trips to the Ukraine! No contacts with Soviet Ukraine!" — "Your Grace, be merciful," the faithful said meekly, "that's the land of our fathers, and we have relatives there." — "What kind of relatives? They are red from head to foot. Shut up and forget about the Ukraine, for you'd be damned and absolved." The rank-and-file priests were also under fire.

Do you think it helped? In no way. They still go, and the priests, too.

The situation is like sitting in a punctured boat in a rough sea. The newspaper Svoboda decided to rush to the rescue. But how? They're not afraid of Siberia, or the metropolitan's threats. Something new had to be thought up.

They did it. Not too long ago Svoboda published in English travel regulations for a trip to the Ukraine and rules of behavior during the trip.

This wise instruction requires deep thinking. It does not contain any threats or prohibitions. It opens with the statement that to go to the Ukraine or not remains a controversial issue. After reading these lines a would-be tourist would start puzzling what's to be done. On the one hand he wants to set foot onto the soil of his forefathers; on the other hand he'd rather not, for the question remains controversial. While he doubts, the plane would be off whereas the person would stay behind thinking what it is that the authors of the instruction want from him: to visit his Homeland or to abide by the instructions of the "independent Ukrainologists"?

But in case you decide nevertheless to go, you should turn not to a travel agency to pick an itinerary or re-

serve tickets as usual, but to plan thoroughly in order to "make your stay in the Ukraine as effective as possible."

First of all, according to the instructions, a tourist must thoroughly study the history of the Ukraine, particularly those places where he would visit. What for? To drive a Soviet guide into a corner when the guide would say something opposite to the ideas of the instruction. For instance, the tourists may be shown a Ukrainian village called Yablunivka, or Pryvitne, or something similarly pleasant-sounding in Ukrainian. At that moment a "brainstructed" erudite should make himself heard by declaring: "Don't you dare falsify it, for I know for sure that the village is called Zhebrakivka." In the estimates of the authors of the instruction, after such a declaration the whole group should raise a lot of clamor, stage an obstruction and immediately lodge a protest, while the guide-"falsifier" would start yelling "I'm so sorry!" and would rock and sway in pangs of mortal shame. But what if the guide agrees, saying that yes, in the past, sixty years ago it really was a poor village by the name of Zhebrakivka from where people went throughout the world in search of a piece of bread, but now it's a prosperous village and why don't you look at it yourself. Well, according to the instructions, a perfect tourist should never agree to such proposals, because that would mar the "effectiveness of the trip."

However, should someone think that the ability to stage a scandal before the Intourist officers on the basis of history winds up the duties of a Ukrainian tourist from abroad, that person is not mature enough to take a "responsible tour" to the Ukraine. That person should for at least a month have daily practice before the mirror, elaborating a particular grin — be it a disbelieving frown or a sarcastic smirk. In any case the grin should be anti-Soviet so that it puts the guides out of work

at least for a week. See why? Should a tourist be taken to a workers' resort to see how the working people spend their holidays — either free or at 30 per cent of the cost, the rest being subsidized by the trade union, the responsible tourist should twist a real good frown on his face in the sense that "it can't be because it can never be. We know it for certain, because we live in a free world." And if that tourist is told, God forbid, that Soviet government has been established for ever, the tourist should construct such a smirk as to burn the guide right on the spot.

And what to do if that tourist is uncertain whether he has provided an adequate grin in the given situation? There's hardly an actor, after all, who'd know all the shades of a grin. In this case it's probably advisable, while going to the Ukraine, to get a few posters indicating which grin would be worn at the given moment.

As you see, after this cornucopia of grins offered without reason to a Soviet counterpart it should become clear that it's not just silly grinning, but grinning according to rules of behavior. Otherwise you can pretty well guess what they think about a person who's grinning all the time with no obvious reason...

It is also advised by the instructions to attend Sunday mass, to ask the guides to get tourists acquainted with the work of the churches. And after that to ask naively whether it is true that just one church has been left operational.

But why put the tourist in such a silly position? Apparently the authors of the instructions do not bother at all to imagine how the tourist will be looked at after asking such questions in Kiev where there are not only functioning churches, but also monasteries all of which the tourists can see for themselves.

True, our churches don't provide striptease bars as some marginal religious communities in the "free world"

do. So if a tourist would look for some secular entertainment in the temples, the faithful may not understand it. So, because of lack of competence shown by the authors of the instructions, an innocent tourist may appear in a strange kind of situation.

All said, the tourists are given a whole lot of tidbits by the instruction: how to instigate the group to a scandal while in the Ukraine, when to keep mum, when to talk, how to complain. One advice, though, is lacking: how to get to know the life of the Soviet Ukraine better, deeper, fuller.

On the other hand, if a tourist makes a thorough preparation for a trip in accordance with the instructions, he would immediately acquire three faculties: a history scandal-maker, a clown and a provocateur, by which he would, as is written in the instructions, serve the "Ukrainian cause." That will make "the trip effective" which the authors of the instructions want so much.

That's the cunning and wicked trick Svoboda has masterminded. On the other hand, what can you expect from a leaflet? As the saying goes, you won't make a falcon from a rooster: it won't get higher than the fence anyway. Slaving away at their masters' handouts, often not even knowing the Ukrainian language as for instance the president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America Leo Dobriansky, the authors of the instruction have forgotten one more detail. Genuine Ukrainians, even if they live outside their homeland, have always held in high esteem such faculties as common sense and a sense of humor. And they don't want to take a trip only to follow in the footsteps of the ill-famed and ill-advised Andrij Klymchuk.

If the nationalist leaders took this into consideration, they would not have been ridiculed by the younger generation of foreign Ukrainians who wrote in Ukrainske Zhyttya in January, 1978: "Wait, what kind of exam-

ple do you give us? You will again be fools to your children; be humans first, and only then Ukrainians."

The trouble is, however, that those who have been spooked out don't notice how ridiculous they look.

A SORT OF GOVERNMENT IN EXILE

For more than fifty years now complaints have been emanating from a landless government headed by the hereditary president and a champion of Ukrainian independence, Mykola Livytsky. They seem to have everything: a president, a government, except for a trifle — a country. Therefore the nationalist government has an appendix — government-in-exile. In other words, an ousted government.

Mr. President complains: "...members of our government-in-exile, having no army, no institutions with thousands of officials, no police, no ability to tax and, mingling amidst our own community as ordinary citizens — without black limousines, without guards and opportunities for some sort of representation — lack the attractiveness enjoyed by the politicians and statesmen of other nations that have their own states."

That's the analysis of an experienced statesman. Do what you please, but the government of Mr. Livytsky lacks that sort of attractiveness even amidst the community of reactionary emigrés where it is doomed to mingle without black limousines and guards.

Skip the black limousines. One can present oneself also on foot. At a declining age it's even healthier. Because, as Mr. Livytsky alludes, he should live at least fifty more years, for in his estimates that is the time needed for the restoration of an "independent" Ukraine. Secondly, on foot it's easier to mingle with the rest of the community. It's going to be a very democratic procedure:

you step out from your home, pardon — the government institution — and, without losing a single moment, immediately start to mingle with the citizens, thus winning attractiveness. And this is very important for the stateless president.

As far as the guards are concerned, you'd better have them. To exclude the risk. After all, no one except the president knows what a big role he plays — an exiled "sole legitimate" ruler. If all knew, they would not allow other claimants to swarm round the visionary post and the whole exiled company would come under the one-armed authority. Unfortunately, there are a hell of a lot of claimants to the presidential seat, and all of them are sure they are indispensable, and not one of them will stand any competition. Particularly radical and uncompromised in solving the disputes of distributing the stately seats are the successors of Stepan Bandera.

It is quite possible that the exiled political who's who? argument can result in a blow on the head of Mr. President emanating from Bandera's uncompromised successor Yaroslav Stetsko. He won't joke, he's very emotional in dividing the skin of the unkilled bear, as the Ukrainian saying goes. As you see, it's really bad for the sole medium of the interests of the Ukrainian people Mr. Livytsky to be without guards.

When Simon Petlura together with the father of the president-in-exile were ousted, pardon — exiled, from the Ukraine, Livytsky Junior at once went to serve bourgeois Poland. However, after a quick disillusionment in this fruitless alliance, Mykola Livytsky quickly changed hands and joined the service of the Nazi Abwehr and the outfits of Dr. Goebbels and Rosenberg.

These latter two really did their best to free Ukraine from Ukrainians. During the Nazi occupation, 3,898,475 civilians were murdered and several million were driven for corvée labor in the paradise of the Third Reich.

As an Abwehr agent and associate of Rosenberg, Mr. Livytsky put in a lot of his own effort. His representation was the end of it all, and it will be long remembered by Ukrainians.

These Ukrainians have one major problem — they stubbornly refuse to accept the ideas of "liberation," no matter how hard you try to punch it into them. They didn't accept these ideas as presented by Petlura, then Skoropadsky, then by those nationalist "liberators" who trotted after the train of the Nazi army. So the government sits there without a state, and not in Kiev as they had dreamed, but in Munich. And instead of travelling in a black limousine with an escort of fittingly dressed guards and offering smiles to the Ukrainians-made-happy, Mr. Livytsky has to put up with nailing posters to the walls of his residence with the legends: "president," "vice-president," "department of foreign relations," and so on, so that an outsider does not accidentally mix, as they say, the lion with the dog.

And what else can a ruler do if his territory is confined to his own backyard and all his subjects are members of his government.

Extolling his governmental activity Mr. Livytsky writes: "In fact, for Ukrainians the existence of the government-in-exile plays an important role, because it is a reminder both to foreigners and our own citizens that we, in fact, do not have our own sovereign state..." Absolutely true. They don't have it.

This pitiful point is one in a line of extrastate activities.

Really, even God was in an easier position as He was present in only three faculties. As for Mr. President, he has to fight for "attractiveness" among the Ukrainian emigration, to prove the necessity of the government-in-exile to exist, to argue with all sorts of the exiled riff-

raff claiming the president's seat, then to "liberate," and ad infinitum.

The load per capita is much greater than God permits. From such a load it's easy to break one's back. Isn't it better, then, to choose just one occupation, like for instance to "hold debates with one's own politicians." It's not difficult, and exactly fits his age: old people love to chat.

As for the rest of Mr. Livytsky's duties, he can pretty well spit on them, because even from the exiled view the "liberation" system has great holes through which, to put it mildly, not quite fresh ideas peep through, and those ideas have long lost their "attractiveness" even among the so-called Sovietologists.

True, unlike the OUN leaders Mr. Livytsky doesn't yell: "Gimme the knife and let's go free Ukraine!" Those are not political figures, but cutthroats and criminals. As for Mr. President, he is a politician with idée-fixe.

"In the first placé," he writes, "it's the war between the West and the East which no one amongst the Ukrainians wants, but which cannot be excluded because of lack of stability in the world."

That's the point. That's his hope. That's what he lacks for enjoying his old age in a black limousine in his "dear" Ukraine.

Was it worthwhile to put your whole life, Mr. Livytsky, into politics in order to catch Ukrainian emigration on such a hook? They won't catch. The idea lacks "attractiveness."

A WHOLE LOT OF HAPPINESS

It so happens that folks live calmly, quietly, and all of a sudden a whole lot of happiness rolls down on them like a boulder from a mountain.

For example, such an avalanche of happiness happened in America, although not in the whole of America, but in the city of Pittsburgh, and to be more precise, the district of Allegheny.

The people of Allegheny in 1978 got a whole lot of happiness in the form of a visit by Yaroslav Stetsko, the main leader of the Banderite OUN based in Munich, and his wife, consultant, press attaché and chaperone, Slava Stetsko, aka Mukha (meaning "a fly") as she was christened in the Banderite milieu. Mukha knows where to send her husband alone and where under her protective wing. She knows that from her own experience. In 1960 she let her husband alone in the United States to gather supporters when, after the death of Stepan Bandera, the independent milieu became pregnant with explosion before the decisive friendly muzzle-raking meant to appoint Bandera's successor. That was Mukha's mistake, and the choice was not theirs. Since then the "premier" Stetsko moves alone only where two persons cannot fit. Otherwise they move together.

True, in very responsible situations Mukha travels alone, like for instance for a meeting with Pinochet in Chile when it smelled of blood there. But generally Stetsko travels together with his wife, like they did when they arrived in Pittsburgh where Stetsko was named Allegheny's Honorary Citizen.

Why were Allegheny people destined to get a whole lot of happiness?

As was written by one nationalist newspaper, here almost 100 years ago the first Ukrainian settlers went into coal pits, ploughed the soil and smelted steel.

But why did Stetsko, residing in Munich, receive honorary citizenship from Allegheny where he'd been only once in his life?

The point is that Stetsko has many services to the people, especially to Ukrainians. Suffice it to look through

his Curriculum Vitae which he personally composed for Adolf Hitler.

Half a century ago, while in bourgeois Poland, he joined a banned Ukrainian nationalist organization. Stetsko started his "people-loving" career during his several consecutive terms in prison granted to him for such noble actions as the assassination of an officer of the Soviet Consulate in Lviv, as well as for involvement in the assassination of Poland's minister Peracki.

After his last prison term Stetsko left Poland for good. He visited several European countries and, in 1941, in a German trench coat and SS-cap, in an Abwehr car, appeared in Lviv in the first days of the Nazi occupation. Demonstrating in this manner his complete "independence and sovereignty," he gathered in a hall about 200 persons and started to proclaim the "integral" and "independent" Ukraine. He was in such a rush that he didn't even type out the act of proclamation and Bandera's order appointing him, Stetsko, the premier. That it really happened that way is proven by the reminiscences of Ivan Chinchenko who, on June 30, 1941, accidentally appeared in the hall and became a "delegate" of that "popular referendum." Chinchenko's reminiscences were published in a 1978 issue of Ukrainski Visti.

Stetsko had reason to be in a hurry, because while he could be typing and nominating delegates, the show could very well be stopped, and Stetsko would not have as a reminder this sweet word "premier."

Three days after the proclamation and nomination the Nazis took the toy away. Without even asking the "independent premier" they banned the "independent government." Why didn't they wait for at least a week? Stetsko asked them so ardently. Alas, he remained the most short-termed government head in the world with the longest title of a "three-day-premier." Yet, for easier com-

munication, apparently, Stetsko omits the "three-day" adjective.

However, despite these political cataclysms he never forgot about Ukrainians, caring for their prosperity. For this purpose in the aforementioned CV he assigned them the role of a barrier in the Eastern borders against the "expansion of Moscow" so that the Nazis behind the Ukrainian backs could confidently establish a new order in Europe and in the Ukraine.

Stetsko also kept in mind other nations. In his CV he wrote that "Jews must be liquidated and there's a rationale in transporting into Ukraine the German methods of extermination of the Jewry, excluding their assimilation."

He transported them. In Lviv alone, the "sovereign" gangs of the OUN and UIA from July 1 to 6, 1941, murdered 3,000 Jews and Poles. That's how "festively" Stetsko celebrated the act of proclaiming his "independence." Yet, it was only a prelude to the "freedom-loving" actions of the puppet premier.

It could not be different, because in his own words he was on the platform "...that is close to the nationalist-socialist program," i. e. to fascism. Therefore in his letter sent in July 1941 to the German Foreign Ministry this sovereign cutthroat offered Hitler his services in the struggle against the Soviet Union.

Yet, despite the loyal ministrations of the "independent" premier the Germans didn't allow him to execute his authority for more than three days. Ukrainians, on the other hand, paid for his services by hitting him right on his sovereign head.

Others would drop their hands after such a shame, but not Stetsko. He is simply possessed by his love for the Ukraine.

After the war he found himself in Munich where he continued to "care" for the happy future of Ukrainians by

inciting the West to undertake a crusade against the USSR. He even demanded to drop atomic, if not neutron, bombs on the Soviet Union.

This is the kind of happiness that avalanched on the Ukrainian community of Pittsburgh.

At the airport Stetsko and his wife were given two guards, lest anyone crush the leader in a grateful embrace.

The ceremony of administering honorary citizenship was held in the Hall of Justice. The place was chosen very aptly, only the procedure was mixed up like everything the nationalists do. Maybe Stetsko on seeing where he was driven remembered his youth and something trepidated in him deep inside, because in his young years a visit to a courthouse always ended with a prison term for him? Or maybe he thought that justice had to repay him all his humane deeds during the war?

Hardly so, as he knew his hosts.

The ceremony, as one Banderite newspaper informed, drew large crowds of Ukrainians not only from Pittsburgh, but other parts of the country as well. This is what popularity means. But how many people exactly came to Stetsko's attraction? As many as "fourteen prominent Ukrainian citizens," another Banderite newspaper pointed out. An immense patriotic crowd. Was it worthwhile then to cross the ocean for such a crowd? Could not this comedy be staged in Munich? It would be cheeper that way, and, whatever you say, a home is a home. People know you more at home, and you could gather a much bigger crowd of, say, two dozen prominent citizens.

The point is, however, that they know better at home. Yaroslav Bentsal who in his time was a member of the Banderite leadership, referred to his "leader" in the following manner: "Stetsko is a political rascal. He is a parasite on the body of our organization who spends our

money as much as he wants without rendering an account to anyone. He behaves with us like he were a feudal lord. That's the example of our emigré cohesion."

As for Osyp Demchuk, the former technical secretary of the OUN leadership, he expressed his love for Stetsko in the following way. "It's not enough to drown such characters. These are criminals who methodically tear apart our organization."

As you see, Stetsko is quite popular in his own community, too. But it's one thing to get popularity in the backyards of policy in Munich and quite another — in Pittsburgh, which, although not a policy-making center, is still in America. So, during the presentation ceremony, the premier said that his wife and himself would visit Washington, D. C. yet where they would influence the "public opinion of the American people." This means they would urge extremist actions against the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. That he can influence public opinion was demonstrated in 1973 at the Second Convention of the World Congress of Free Ukrainians where he influenced from the rostrum the opinion of his co-thinkers in such a way that one nationalist newspaper wrote a pamphlet about him entitled "Manifestation or masochism?"

This is the multifaceted nature of the leader of "independent liberators." He's a masochist, a criminal, a war criminal too, a political rascal and talk of the town in the Banderite milieu to which he belongs. And if the orchestrators of that circus with granting honorary citizenship to the murderer asked the working people of the Ukrainian American community their opinion, this show in Pittsburgh would never have happened. Because people know Stetsko's fierce hatred of the Ukrainian people whom he calls a gray mass and whom he sold wholesale and retail to the Nazis and now sells them to the new warmongers. And all his vociferous outpouring about

"dedication to the interests of the Ukrainian people" is needed only to remain a Banderite chief and that the hand of the masters from which he pecks does not twist a rude jesture to him.

A NECKLACE OF POTTERY PIECES

A long, long time ago, or, as they write, once upon a time, there lived an old lady whose only treasure was a necklace of pottery pieces. She valued it highly. Maybe its rattle served instead of music for her, or maybe its glitter appeared for her to be the shining of gold coins, or maybe she just dreamed of piecing it together into a pot and cooking some broth in it. No one knows for sure, because that lady is long gone, and her pottery pieces have been long cast into garbage. Only the proverb survived. When a person is dreaming of something insane, or when he is toying with a feverish and stillborn idea, people would say: "A lost case. He's toying with it like that old lady with her necklace of pottery pieces."

Now tell me whether it is easy to be the "independent head of government of the independent Mother-Ukraine?"

God forbid, as old people say. That's a hell of a job, and this has been proven by the personal experience of Yaroslav Stetsko who is pestered by "heading the government" for forty years in much the same way as by a hernia; he can neither breathe, nor move independently.

Why such trials on Stetsko's head?

It's because of a small misunderstanding. The reason is that Stetsko's independent dreams are of extremely little consequence for the Ukrainian people.

This explains why Stetsko's title is as long as an old lady's story of her maiden years, and his "state territo-

ry" is smaller than once was under the rule of the Directory, a nationalist government of which they sang the following during the Civil War: "In the coach is the Directory, under the coach is the territory." As for Stetsko's subjects, they are like separate drops in the ocean. Moreover, as the nationalist papers lament, these singular drops fall apart, and all of them, together with their head, are to be found not in their original homeland, but quite independently in the "Vaterland," in Munich, where in the early 1930s the cancer tumor of Hitleriada bulged up.

It is a symbolic coincidence. Exactly for the "three-day premier of the government of independent Ukraine, orchestrated by the department of Admiral Kanaris." To this ever so long title Stetsko added one more word in 1945. This word is "premier-in-exile."

You may ask why this man has to suffer so much? What's the sense of it? A small person and a big title, as though someone played a joke and fixed a horsetail to a cat. Why would not this man get rid of his tail and live the end of his days peacefully in his new homeland? It would be easier this way, you may think. But you're wrong. It's not that the title wags behind Stetsko, it's Stetsko who is grabbing at the title like a wolf at a bone. Stetsko is obsessed with being a premier as Martin Borulya from the play by Ivan Karpenko-Kariy was obsessed with joining the nobility. The hero of that play only ran into losses with his whims, but Stetsko feeds on his title, because the three-day "premier" is supervised by those who cook the anti-Soviet broth. And what kind of broth is it without Stetskos? There you go. This is why in this whole mess the patrons and feeders present the outcast Stetsko as a premier of the Ukraine, exactly like a Gypsy in Mikhail Sholokhov's story who blew an old mare to present it as a racing stallion at a market. But that Gypsy blew the horse against its will whereas

the "benefactor and defender" of the Ukrainian people voluntarily agrees to this procedure. And in case they don't need Stetsko temporarily and his masters for some time forget about him, he'll pump himself to a stature, for if you don't do it, nobody will.

This is why he is still toying with his premiership like the old lady with the necklace of pottery pieces. It gnaws at him non-stop, like an ulcer, particularly in summer, on June, 30. That's the time when the independent kinks are particularly strong.

And not only the kinks of Mr. Premier, but also of all those OUNites who were quick enough to take to their heels and made it across the border lest they be crushed in a "grateful embrace" by the Ukrainian people.

It all went critically far. In 1967, apparently from exessive pumping, Stetsko produced a thick (463 pages) word product entitled J u n e 30, 1941.

Why is this date so attractive for the Banderite "patriots"?

The thing is that exactly on June 30, 1941, at the "great popular assembly," as is written in Stetsko's product, in Lviv, in the "Prosvita" Hall he proclaimed "The Act of Creating an Independent Ukrainian State." As for his own place in it, Stetsko proclaimed himself the "head of the independent government" as the right hand of the OUN chief Stepan Bandera and with his blessing.

Stetsko's book has everything. It tells about the great joy of Ukrainians at the proclamation of "independence," and about tens of thousands of volunteers wishing to join the army which Hitler did not allow them to form, and about plans of armed resistance to the Nazis which already at that time were born in the head of the "independent premier." The book also tells that the "champions of independence" were not involved in the extermination of Jews, which was, allegedly, performed exclu-

sively by Adolf Hitler because people still point their finger at Stetsko, naming him a hangman.

Yet, the most important thing produced by Stetsko's independent pen is the revelation to the effect that Hitler lost the war because of ... Stetsko. Wait, let me finish. Or better read what came out from the "revolutionary head": "We paid much attention to the Yevhen Konovalets Radio Station, at that time our only contact with the free world. For three days we kept it in our hands. But it was taken by the Gestapo by force. However, it achieved a lot: the allied world got the idea as to what Ukrainians aspired and with what purpose Germany went to the East when they compared Hitler's proclamation of June 22, 1941 and the Act on the Restoration of Statehood of June 30. Moscow also got the idea. H i t l e r ' s w a s a l o s t c a r d." (Italics is mine — Ya. K.)

That's the way it was. It appears that if the rooster doesn't crow, the sun won't rise.

The same runs through all the 463 pages.

But not everything in Stetsko's product is lies, or, to use a more befitting expression, insinuation. It is a thick book, and so mistakes happen once in a while when the premier tells half-truths.

Yes, there was the Act of June 30. But this is only a half-truth. The second half is that the name of this show should in reality have gone like this: "Attention! A circus in the Prosvita Hall! Never to be repeated! Matchless risk in a trick of Mr. Stetsko on the independent trampoline! Stage direction by Admiral Kanaris. Host and Conductor H a u p t m a n n Hans Koch."

That's exactly the way it was.

Stetsko, apparently to demostrate to the Abwehr his complete "independence," came to the show in Abwehr's car, in a Nazi military coat and an SS cap. Climbing on a rostrum, he shouted "H e i l!" with a very independent accent and got down to forming an "independ-

ent motherland." But just to prevent any slip of the tongue or a negligence toward Ukrainian interests, sitting in the hall were several of Stetsko's patrons from the Kanaris Department. The delegation in the hall was headed by Hauptmann Hans Koch who, in his final speech, thanked the "trampoline premier" for his efforts.

Perhaps this whole show was really "nationwide," as Stetsko writes? But of course. Exactly this was underscored in 1978 in a nationalist newspaper by a certain Ivan Chinchenko who, on June 30, 1941, appeared in the hall by accident and became a "delegate of the nationwide referendum."

But let's not split hairs. Let it not be the popular assembly but a gathering of accidental visitors, and let it be that Stetsko imposed upon himself the title of a premier. But was it the right time for keeping the protocol? And why do you need people? True, you could herd into the hall those who failed to hide from joy of liberation. So they could start asking questions about what kind of independence it was in a SS uniform, and where the hell Stetsko came from. And generally speaking, why would you need such a freedom when, as soon as they stepped in the doorway, they freed you from your last piece of bread.

As you see, the "Act of Independence" could crack. So they had to hurry.

However, the procedure of the "representative get-together" did not leave any doubt that everything was being done for the benefit of the Ukrainian people. "A message of greetings to the German soldiers and the national leader Adolf Hitler was read out," wrote the newspaper Samostijna Ukraina (Independent Ukraine) in those days. And the official publication of the main leadership of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, the newspaper Surma (Trumpet), lest the premier accuse it of betraying Ukrainian interests, lambasted the

invaders in the following manner: "Speech by Dr. Hans Koch was made in German and in Ukrainian and appealed to the citizens of Lviv to be worthy of the tasks facing them. Long live the Führer of the German people! In response — H e i l! H e i l! H e i l!"

It appears that Ukrainian people didn't have a greater task than yelling "H e i l Hitler!". That's the independent paradise with Nazi inclusions for the dear Mother-Ukraine!

Right at that time when Stetsko in this manner pledged allegiance to Ukrainian interests, the N a c h t i g a l l punitive battalion, formed before the war against the Soviet Union from among criminal elements in Lviv, was translating into reality the OUN concept of "independent" Ukraine. It went down in history as the "Lviv Tragedy." From July 1 to 6 alone, Stetsko's nightingales murdered three thousand Jews and Poles in Lviv alone. The victims were picked according to the lists drawn for the Abwehr well in advance by "leader" Bandera and "premier" Stetsko.

The premier also did not forget about Ukrainians. Because of his great love for them he referred to the Ukrainian people in his C u r r i c u l u m V i t a e, written for Hitler, as a "barrier against Moscow's advance." As far as those who staged resistance to such "love and care," well, theirs was a hard fate. This explains why Ukrainians so happily welcomed their "liberators." This happy welcome was described by one of the leaders of the R o l a n d Battalion, Yevhen Pobihushchy: "We were disappointed at the first meeting with the Ukrainian population. At that time the pessimists indulged in discussions to the effect that the Bolsheviks managed to lure the new generation to their side, that they felt sorry the Bolsheviks had retreated and did not desire us." To this very day the word "Banderite" is one of the strongest insults in the Ukraine.

Reminiscing about his premiership on June 30, 1941, Stetsko does not lie when he says that in just three days the Gestapo took his radio station away. However, this is also half-truth. Because together with the radio station they took away the premiership as well. The Wehrmacht boot kicked Stetsko right in the place which you have correctly guessed, lest Stetsko becomes too impudent.

At that point "independence" gave a crack. It couldn't be otherwise, because Hitler who dreamed of a thousand-year Reich stretching from the Baltic to the Indian Ocean had no place for "independent" Stetsko in his ambitious schemes. French writer Géneviève Tabouie wrote about it in an article published back in 1938: "Independent agitation was only a means for Hitler to corrupt the Ukraine and prepare her conquest by the troops of the Third Reich."

An exact determination of "Ukrainian independence" was also made by Hans Frank, the Governor-General of Western Ukraine where for three days Stetsko played the show of "independence." The Nazi executive wrote in his diary: "If we win the war, then in my opinion the Poles, Ukrainians and everything that hangs around the General-Gouvernement can be spent as mashed meat."

The whole world was aware of Hitler's intention, but poor Stetsko, employed by the German intelligence since the 1930s, knew nothing about it.

Of course, it's impossible to know everything. On the other hand, Stetsko was an expert regarding mashed meat. Winding the Nazi meat masher with his right hand, he took handsome rewards with his left, being paid for his "patriotism" by the Abwehr. This is proven by the entries made in the pay lists of that "philanthropical" organization. To spare Mr. Premier's pangs of patriotism and vociferous denials of his "independent honesty being

tarnished," let us mention that his allas in those pay lists was "Basmach" whereas the Italian intelligence listed him as "Belendis."

It is the famous German punctuality which is to blame, because in their manner they wrote everything down. And the mad Führer let Stetsko down again by failing to take the documents along in that other world. He did not forget about his dog, whereas the prime minister with the archives was left on his own. On the other hand these documents provide undeniable proof of Stetsko's irreconcilability when Ukrainian interests were in question. Maybe this was why he felt his ambition was hurt when, in 1941, after just three days in office, his premiership toy was withdrawn.

Indeed, how could it be? He had been climbing out of his skin pasting up the independent bowl while the allied boot crashed it into pottery pieces — all that was left from both "independence" and "premiership."

The "Ukrainophile" soul of Yaroslav Stetsko could not bear it any longer.

He gathered the pottery pieces from the broken sweet image of the premier, made a necklace, set it on his neck lest any smart claimant in exile steal this source of daily "independent" bread, and started his irreconcilable struggle against Hitler. Watch out, Adolf! Now it's my turn!

Stetsko's blows on the Third Reich were heavy. Each strike on the "falsifiers" was a strike of principle, each attack was a denial of compromise, so that this bastard Hitler knew who was the Number One. For instance, in the old days he "intimidated" Germany with the following phrase: "We hold the stand of complete economic support by all means on the part of the Ukraine of Germany, whatever need she may require." There were many more similarly "intimidating" phrases. That's how Stetsko did away with Hitler and how Hitler's card was

beaten. After that everyone understood who Stetsko was and what he was up to.

Due to this dedication to principle Stetsko was adopted, quite conspicuously, in Munich. It's all but logical: where Hitler began there Stetsko was ending.

And this is full truth about Stetsko's "premiership" and Banderite "patriotism." Several years after the war, also in Munich, the former professor of law of Lviv University, Lukyanovich, was bold enough to admit: "Banderiade is a gangrene on our national body."

If we accept that banderiade is the gangrene, then Stetsko, the chief of the Banderite slice of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, is the germ of decay which caused the gangrene.

From this derive his calls to carpetbomb his "dear Ukraine" with neutron bombs and this quote of his: "May the entire communist Ukraine perish — it's not horrible at all... because new cadres will arrive from Toronto, London and other Western cities." And in case of war it is necessary "...to procede from the fact of setting up the Ukrainian legion on the side of any Western state." Here, too, Stetsko aspires to become somebody's hand, apparently from the professional custom of being a stateless head of state. But why did he need that thick "patriotic" revelation with the Ukrainophile lamentation and "independent" peeling of the bells, why is this annual hysteria of June 30? The noise of the exiled hasbeens on that day is similar to the rattle of the premier's pottery pieces to mislead the uninformed. Because it's one thing to be some sort of head, bad though it can be, and quite another thing to be somebody's hand. As for Mr. Premier, he has always been somebody's hand: the right hand of Bandera, both hands of Abwehr officers Erwin Stolze, Richard Jary, Hans Koch and Theodor Oberländer who were in charge of the "independent patriots."

The point is, however, that Stetsko will never be a head. Maybe this is why he was received on July 15, 1981 by the U.S. Congressmen D. Amato, Levine, Derwinski, Stretton and the former head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee Charles Percy. Why did they need Stetsko?

Maybe they wanted to apologize for the pilot who, in 1945, inflicted such a rare injury on Stetsko, and to alleviate, at least materially, Stetsko's insulting disability? No, that's not the reason. The clue is the name of congressman Derwinski. He is the notorious expert in anti-Soviet campaigns due to whose effort, as reported by the newspaper Amerika in the fall of 1980, the Congressional Record reprinted that newspaper's vicious attack on this writer who had authored the article "A Week of Provocations Against Nations." It was a lot of fuss!

Now a new kind of fuss is being stirred regarding the annual marking of the "Act of June 30." Certainly, it's easier to stir dirt and to get the profit using a hired hand. The hands of Stetsko are ready for hire. Plus, he can rattle the "premier's" necklace.

That's why he was summoned to give some rattle at another anti-Soviet fuss, although they well know the true price of Stetsko and his "independence." No doubt, in the hour of need they will spit on him just like they did on the dead Führer of the "thousand-year" Reich.

EXCOMMUNICATION FROM... A GOAT

No one would keep a goat in his homestead were it not for its milk. So, a goat's udder is the platform from which the goat asserts its right for existence, and its prosperity depends upon how much milk it yields.

In the USA, there is a milking goat of a kind — the Ukrainian National Association (UNA), something like an insurance and relief society. According to its Rules, the purpose of UNA is respectability, scholarliness, extensive activities in the sphere of culture.

That's UNA's firm philanthropic platform!

They have even their own publication — the Svoboda (Freedom) newspaper — to make public and popularize this platform.

Right, that very Svoboda which exhausted perhaps all its reserves of unctuous words to advertise "the most humane weapon of all times" — the neutron bomb. That very Svoboda which strongly demands that the American Government becomes nothing less than "the world gendarme," and constantly calls on every new U.S. President to pursue a tough foreign policy course toward the USSR and other countries of the socialist community.

Now, all this "philanthropic" economy was headed for 20 years, till June 1978, by a U.S. citizen, an active member of the Democratic Party, an ardent "Ukrainophile" Yosyp Lysohir, alias Joseph Lisauer — as he is called now, following the English-language fashion.

We really don't care about his name. Let him be Lisauer — he who feeds a dog gives it the name.

Well, we must do the above-mentioned Lisauer justice: he is a strikingly energetic and persistent person. And really dexterious at that! No sooner any nationalist organization hatches out as this Joseph of Ukrainian parentage "flop! — as a bolt from the blue: Here I am, if you need me," choose me as one of your leaders, because when it concerns Ukrainian nationalism "I cannot be among the rank and life." Result? They choose him. He is both a member of the board of directors of a big bank in New Jersey and heads one of New York's sports clubs. In 1976, before the presidential elections, Lisauer was

appointed head of the Ukrainian section of the American Democratic Council of Ethnic Affairs, for when it is a question of such large-scale campaigns, then, according to a nationalist magazine, they also remember Ukrainian "patriots." No wonder — votes are scarce goods and each of them counts. Who but smart Lisauer, a real expert in these affairs, should be placed in charge of such a delicate "surgical" operation?

True, Joseph has some weak points. He, for one, does not object to being popular in the community. For this purpose, however, he does not ascend the rostrum on every occasion, nor does he deliver speeches or appear in the press.

Mr. Lisauer likes to be photographed. Photos, as is known, do not require words and immediately catch one's eye. True, last year, even the nationalist magazine Nash Holos (Our Voice) carried the following caption under the photo showing Joseph and his sympathizers standing by the monument to Taras Shevchenko: "When Taras Shevchenko saw Lysohir standing next to him, he stooped his head in sorrow."

However, Lisauer — a man with a clear goal and of persistent character — never paid any attention to such trifles, for he had staunch friends, "...whom he promoted from minor village policemen to big executives" and they "repay him for that and echo his every word."

Thus, after creating a hedge of the "big executives" of his make, Lisauer for 20 years on end headed the UNA and, spitting at his enemies from the high tree, beat off the opposition with the hands of his grateful followers.

Maybe, Lisauer would have continued to spit in this manner, had it not been for his quarrel with the editor-in-chief of his subordinate Svoboda Anton Dragan (real name — Andriy Lutsiv). That very Lutsiv who

joined the OUN under age and, knife in hand, started his "philanthropic" activity as a terrorist and murderer; who, starting from the 1930s, devotedly served the Hitlerites; who has on his "humane" conscience complicity in killing (in October 1933 in Lviv) Olexiy Mailov, an official of the Soviet Consulate. Lutsiv was still a beardless lad when in 1934, for his "humane" merits, i. e. for his belonging to OUN man-hunters and terrorists, he was sentenced by Poland's Court to five years' imprisonment and ten years of disfranchisement (deprivation of civil rights).

So, two "philanthropists" came to grips. You may wonder — why? Don't they milk the same goat, that is, don't they stand on the same platform? Obviously, Joseph pulled the goat's udder out of turn, and Anton took offense.

Then, to quote the Gospel, came the lamentation and gnashing of teeth. Lisauer gnashes his teeth and tries to tear Dragan to shreds, while the latter whimpers and writes disclosing letters. Joseph yells: "I'll freely give you the sack!" (Here Joseph went too far, for, though Lisauer he is, without the consent of the U.S. special services nobody can sack Dragan and drive him out of S v o b o d a), while Anton makes public some stinking details of Lisauer's activities.

It becomes clear from Dragan's revelations that Lisauer is not such a taciturn person after all. He likes speeches made not from a rostrum, but in a restaurant, in the family circle of like-minded persons, where he, as always, delivers his monologues-meditations mostly concerning financial topics (it's not for nothing that Joseph is a member of the directorate of a big bank). These monologues are so bold that even chief secretary of UNA V. Sokhan dared to rebuke his chief for the fact that his proposals are criminal rather than innovatory, and got a philosophic answer from Lisauer who said that an

empty hand is no lure for a hawk, meaning "So what? If they catch us, we'll stop it."

Dragan spilled everything he learned about his offender during their work together. According to him, Lisauer is incompetent and irresponsible, and his leadership for such a long time by fraud does much harm to the UNA and the entire Ukrainian community in the USA. And, on the whole, he is no figure at all, just an ordinary expert in goat milking. He is busy darting about the "independent" yard, looking for a goat he has not yet milked. Dragan went as far as calling Lisauer a narrow-minded person, or, simply speaking, a fool.

But how on earth could a fool so energetically head the UNA for 20 years? Even a horse would breathe its last in a month's time, but never was Lisauer out of breath.

And so he breathed, or rather drew in so well that the press had to admit: "Lysohir and his followers will destroy everything that cost the community 80 years of hard work." Indeed, there was something to draw from, for the capital of the UNA amounts to 40 million dollars — quite a ground to show one's worth in the self-assistance activity. Well, today perhaps it's less than 40 million, because, according to rough estimates of the nationalist publications, Lisauer deposited one million dollars in a safe place — his own pocket.

That's a fool for you! Well, one has to be really smart to take from somebody else's bay and put it in his own. That is why they call Lisauer "the costliest man" among Ukrainian Americans.

Those two clamorous philanthropists tormented each other for quite a long time. Dragan took the upper hand in the end. He spilled so much about his chief that they had to air the "liberation" stable lest the goat should faint, that is to say lest the UNA break up. The more so that now its membership is practically reduced to nil.

So, the democrat was excommunicated from the goat. What next? Well, it tastes bitter, but they grudge spitting it out, i. e. to part with Lisauer, for there are few stubborn "Ukrainophiles." The nationalist press often and loudly laments over this. As a result... Lisauer was elected the 13th honorary president of the UNA. On the one hand, now he has no direct access to the money, on the other hand, to a certain extent, his ambition is satisfied, for his pathological desire to be something is only too well known to the whole "independent community."

But it is not so easy to tear Joseph away from the milking goat, because he firmly holds on to it, like a burr sticks onto wool. Perhaps, realizing that his chairmanship won't last forever, Lisauer handed over the administration of the UNA skyscraper (which was built under his active supervision and cost the organization 15 million dollars instead of the planned seven) to the corporation about which the U.S.-based newspaper Ukrainske Zhyttya (Ukrainian Life) wrote in its June 1978 issue: "What is this corporation like and who runs it?... Could it be so that the UNA head Lysohir handed over the control to the corporation headed by Lysohir?!" Most probably he did, for he does not belong to those who miss their chance. He is skilled in benevolent affairs, where, to quote a poet, "He who is clever enough and knows how to live in accord with reality, will not stop at robbing his own father."

Were there only one thief — Lisauer — in the heap of "liberators-Ukrainophiles." Alas, it seethes with similar goat milkers and pickpockets. A reader of Nash Holos maintains: "The criticism directed against Yosyp Lysohir, Leo Dobriansky or Yaroslav Stetsko won't change them, because they are used to living at other people's expense."

They don't care a fig about all those groans and moans which they daily pour out, through their periodicals, onto

the heads of the foreign Ukrainian community, for they became Lisauers long ago, and they are Ukrainians not by nationality, but by profession. And "independent groan" is a very paying profession in the "free world." That is also a goat on a platform which, alternately with Ukrainophile-like lamentations, is milked by Lisauer and his like.

MR. LIAR, ESQ., FROM ILLINOIS

For more than 150 years now people all over the world have been reading Kvitka-Osnovyanenko's story The Konotop Witch and keep on laughing at the gawky sotnik (lieutenant of Cossacks) Mikita Zabriokha (Liar) whom untruthful and treacherous clerk Pistryak twisted round his little finger. Whatever Zabriokha did or wherever he found himself, instigated by Pistryak (Zabriokha acted solely at his instigation), he invariably was a fool for his pains and was made a laughing-stock. Now he submits a report to his regiment commander, which is neither here nor there, now he drowns women in the pond to find out which of them is a witch, now he gets up to another stupid trick. Through intrigues of his clerk, Zabriokha even married weak-sighted Solokha — as ugly as sin. Eventually, he was relieved of his position, as he was head over ears in foolish things.

That's how foolishness is sometimes punished.

Now, people read The Konotop Witch and laugh, but no one can imagine that the Konotop sotnik Mikita Zabriokha has an offspring.

He has, indeed. I bet you can't guess where! In faraway Illinois, in the USA. The name is different, though: Stepan Gorak. True, Gorak has no documents testifying that he is descended from Zabriokha. But let us not be

bureaucrats. There's no need for any papers in this case — his deeds clearly indicate his roots. When he flies off the handle and does something queer, you cannot but see he is the very image of s o t n i k Zabriokha.

Oh, come on! you may say. Can one put a modern professor on the same level with some character of fiction? Why, the Konotop s o t n i k was an utter fool, while his descendant is an educated man.

Come, come, the professor is no fool. I would even say he is quite a sensible person. It's just his luck! He was unfortunate to choose a specific platform — the anti-Soviet one. Those who once embarked on that platform, or rather merry-go-round, however clever or sensible they might be, must do foolish things, talk nonsense, and, generally, trouble water so that modern Pistryaks — or, as they are called today, "independents in exile" — could barehanded fish frightened gudgeons in that troubled water. For the anti-Soviet merry-go-round is turned by them.

That's why Sir Zabriokha, sorry, Stepan Gorak, whose head was turned by Pistryaks, published in a 1979 issue of the English-language supplement to the "platform"-nationalist newspaper H o m i n U k r a i n y (Echo of the Ukraine) his "historical-research revelations," occupying bottom parts of two pages, under the jesuitical-artful headline "Ukrainians in World War Two Between Nazis and Communists."

The editorial foreword to the article of this learned Sir rings with innocent tears of offense taken at the Soviet Union because the latter, it is said, connects Ukrainian nationalism with fascism.

Well, to be sure! In other words it is nothing but an attempt to lay the blame at somebody else's door. In fact, nobody connected Ukrainian nationalists with fascism. They did it themselves. Like hops they twined them-

selves round the pole of fascism — in this way Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism was developing. This was confirmed by every step and deed of all without exception independent "heads," "leaders," "chiefs" and "premiers," starting from the OUN "ideologist" Dontsov who believed that for the state system of the Ukraine, German fascism is the best model to follow.

Examples are in abundance. Following the Abwehr order, OUN infiltrated groups of spies and saboteurs into the territory of the Ukrainian SSR long before the war and planned an armed mutiny in the Ukraine. As for the Hitlerite battalions Nachtigall and Roland, formed from Ukrainian nationalists, they are still remembered with horror by those who know from experience nationalists animal "patriotism." Even West German historians of WWII testify to the above facts. And what about the farce enacted on June 30, 1941, at Abwehr's bidding, by the three-day premier Yaroslav Stetsko who, according to the July 10, 1941, issue of the occupation-nationalist newspaper Samostijna Ukraina (Independent Ukraine), "independently and patriotically welcomed German soldiers and people's leader Adolf Hitler." Then the newspaper added: "Hails 'Glory' and 'Heil' vividly showed our true feelings."

Exactly at the time when, in this manner, the leading Stetskos fought for "independence of the Ukraine," thugs from the battalion Nachtigall, "out of love for the Ukraine," slaughtered the pick of Lviv intellectuals, among them many scientists and figures of culture of world calibre.

It is this very "vivid testimony" of love for Mother Ukraine that called to life SS Division Galizien which, under the Nazi banners, fought against the Red Army. The same refers to the so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UIA) which, following the Abwehr order, in the end of the war, was left behind to carry out espio-

nage missions and acts of sabotage and terrorism in the Soviet rear. These are but a few examples.

Why then today, so many years after the crushing defeat of the Reich, do nationalists try so hard to disown fascism?

The answer is simple: Name not a rope in his house that was hanged. Especially today when the very word "fascism" sounds so repulsive.

1985 marks 44 years since fhe treacherous attack of Nazi Germany against the Soviet Union and 39 years since the day when the Nuremberg International Trials put an end to everything which the "Ukrainian patriots" flaunted 40 years back.

Lest people should often remember the services of the "liberators" to swastika, they set about disowning fascism and now turn the "independent" jacket inside out. Ukrainian "independents" do so in the hope that their SS brand will leap less readily to the eye.

That is why the "truthful historian" from Illinois, urged on by modern Pistryaks, rolled up his sleeves and set about scraping fascism off nationalism and, by so doing, proved he is a descendant of the Konotop s o t n i k Mikita Zabriokha.

Here is an example. You see, according to Gorak, the nationalists did not recognize the Ukrainian SSR and did not consider themselves to be in a state of war with Germany. However, the next sentence says that those very nationalists regarded Nazi Germany as a foreign invader which, though, demanded a special approach, considering the earlier experience and objects pursued by the nationalists. What is that special approach to the invaders with whom the "independent strategists" did not consider themselves to be in a state of war? Don't rack your brains over the answer — the exhaustive one is provided by Gorak: "...They sought friends in Berlin, and enemies in Moscow...", for "Berlin was the place of

hopes and aspirations of the nationalists." Why? I'll try to explain. The English magazine National wrote the following long before Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union: "Germany provides financial and other kinds of assistance to the group of Ukrainian adventurists who serve it and are ready to place their land under the rule of Germany as soon as they are guaranteed high posts. They don't care who will rule over them."

However, Gorak is not worried about the discrepancy between the historical facts and his inventions. Let it be, he says, so much the worse for the facts. The professor is quite accustomed to such things. So, according to Gorak, on the day of Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union, all Ukrainians, old and young, rushed in the streets, climbed trees, roofs of their houses and even belfries, faced the west and waited impatiently for their friends-invaders from Berlin to arrive. He actually said it, but in "scientific" language. The folowing quotation is enough to prove it: "It should be noted that the Ukrainian people welcomed not the Nazis, but Germans, a civilized European nation, and there were only few who knew anything about Nazism, its ideology, the program expounded in Mein Kampf, and the Lebensraum concept."

The reader may say: "The professor must be smart indeed to put three lies in just one sentence. It is really something."

Ssh! Can a professor be treated so disrespectfully? Come what may about Gorak, but the professor must be spoken of according to his rank. Let's say, he forges insinuations. The first of them is that the Ukrainian people welcomed the invaders. In reality, as they say, "They asked me but won't let me go. So I sat for a while as a penance in the yard and then fled." Some time later, Ohienko, one of the nationalist "liberators," thus described this "joy of the meeting" in a letter to his friend: "People are angry, they look at us with hos-

tility as once, perhaps, Kievans looked at the Tartar invaders... They call all Ukrainians who came to their land, i. e. us, fascists, spies, accomplices of Hitler, and this, to a certain extent, is true, my friend... Really, Germans charge us the most loathsome tasks from the human point of view."

The second insinuation is that, allegedly, the nationalist welcomers of Hitler had no idea of either the ideology or the program of fascism. How come?! Long before the outbreak of the war against the Soviet Union they were trained as agents of Gestapo and Abwehr, as terrorists and saboteurs, ideological sabotage included. Or, perhaps, the instructors there were knocking into their heads the Christian commandment "Thou shalt not kill"?

The third lie, sorry, insinuation, lies in the fact that it was not Nazism they welcomed, but the civilized German nation! But they did welcome Nazism, and not the nation, for it was nobody else but they, OUNites, who took the oath to "faithfully serve Adolf Hitler as Führer of Great Germany." Up till now the most inveterate of them cry out that "they are still on oath to Hitler."

Just imagine, according to Gorak, the first partisan detachment in Europe (!), which launched a fierce struggle against Hitlerites... was the detachment of Ukrainian nationalists headed by Borovets-Bulba.

True, there was a Petlurite Borovets who, by the order of the Abwehr, was infiltrated into the Volyn area as early as 1940. He started "the war" against the Nazis in June 1941 by issuing the "operational order No. I" to his gang of "patriots," which read: "...hoist blue-and-yellow flags and organize a hearty welcome to German troops." And signed it: "Otaman Bulba," thus hinting at his spiritual affinity with Taras Bulba, though the only common thing he had with the hero of Gogol's novel was that they both dried their foot-cloths in one and the same Sun. The real Bulba, though, dried his own

foot-cloths and not those provided from the Wehrmacht stores, which had to be worked off, which Borovets-Bulba did. In the plan of the struggle against Soviet partisans, which Borovets drew up and signed on March 15, 1943, he framed the "basic principles" of that struggle in the following "patriotic" way: "...the action is carried out by Ukrainian partisans (Hitlerite foot-cloth-wearers of Borovets — Ya. K.) under my command on the basis of secret agreement with the German authorities," which "unofficially support Ukrainian partisans and secretly supply them with arms," and later these, sorry, partisans "...are left behind for sabotage acts in the Bolshevik rear, coordinating their actions with the German Army."

As you see, Sir Zabriokha, or Mr. Liar, Esq., from Illinois wanted to blow a patriotic bubble out of Borovets, but it burst.

Such a heap, or rather sack of nonsense was made up by the learned scholar from Illinois. Since he himself understands that this sack is sewn with rotten threads and who knows what can pour out of it any time, he recommends in the end not to consider broadly the question of collaboration of nationalists with the Nazis, but cram it into some dark corner, as far as possible from the eyes of people, into the sphere of "highly specialized studies."

And on the whole, as Gorak states, Hitler is to blame for everything, Hitler who much offended them, the nationalists, because he did not thrust independence into their hands, but held it like a wisp of tasty hay on a long stick before the nose of an ass so that the latter ran where his master wants him to.

But such is the nature of nationalists: falling into the hands of a new master they always foul the previous one. Hence their price in the eyes of those whom they serve. An apt evaluation of Ukrainian nationalists was

given at the Nuremberg Trials by — believe it or not — Hermann Goering: "I utterly disrespect them, but during the war one takes everything within easy reach." Gorak too found himself within easy reach of modern Pistryaks. Hence the embarrassing position he placed himself in. Exactly the way it happened with his ancestor. Really, Gorak, it is not becoming of a professor to be entangled in lies.

Or, perhaps, that is also an invention of modern Pistryaks?

OVECHKO'S MYSTERIOUS EXERCISES

You will look in vain in the dictionary of the Ukrainian language for the word "z a h a d l y v i y." There is no such word. It is the product, to put it most accurately, of Ovechko's "invention." According to him, this word must mean "z a h a d k o v i y," i. e. mysterious, enigmatic, puzzling, which is commonly used. So, why invent another word? Perhaps, the new linguistic product fits more into the mentality of this inventor-wordcutter. Registered in Ovechko's arsenal are many such inventions. For example, "b e z v r e m y a" (hard times), and "awful" (passionate, all-consuming) love, etc. In short, you can compile a "Dictionary of Ovechko's language."

What is this "awfully inventive" Ovechko?

First of all, as it is, Ovechko is "who" and not "what," for his name is entered in the American reference book W h o' s W h o. So, it would be more correct to ask "Who is Ovechko?"

Dr Ivan Ovechko is an associate professor of the University of North Colorado in the USA. What is an "associate professor"? It's something like an intermediate stage of the development of the butterfly: no longer a

caterpillar, but yet not a butterfly — a chrysalis, or pupa. It is exactly the case with Ovechko: he is no longer an assistant professor, but yet cannot reach the level of a full professor for the lack of wings. In a word, something mysterious.

Yet, in 1976, the Svoboda (Freedom) newspaper was overcome with delight, informing its readers that, at last, thank God, at the age of 56, Mr. Ovechko managed to climb one step of the scientific-research ladder: a former assistant professor, he became an associate professor, i. e. turned from a caterpillar into a pupa.

The newspaper carried the list of Ovechko's merits in the field of "education and literature," for which he was transformed into that pupa. Here they mentioned his professional lecturer's successes, and extra-scholastic public "activities." Anything you wish. The main accent, however, was laid on his journalist and editor's "activity." He is indeed active. Like once a Gypsy succeeded in being in all places of the market at the same time.

What does "associate" Ovechko write about? Anything. How does he do it? Exclusively in a sensational-mysterious way. He concocted an opus entitled "Chekhov and the Ukraine" which immediately became a "sensation" among the American community. Referring to Ovechko's intentions to publish this "research" work in English, a certain Boiko-Blokhin wrote the following in one of the nationalist newspapers: "What a heavy sensation it would be for Ukrainians if Ovechko's book appeared on the international market, and in what a bad light it would put our science." Well!

Ovechko made his first public statement in 1941 when, during the fascist occupation of the village of Volodymyrivka, Zaporizhya Region, he declared to his fellow villagers: "My father is a wealthy farmer and I'm of his kin, and because my father was dispossessed I must revenge and leave my fingerprints on someone's neck."

The Nazis appointed Ovechko as a school principal. He really exerted himself in educational work: many of his former pupils still remember his "pedagogics." However, Ovechko felt that was not the limit of his creative abilities. He also had an itch to write.

So, he set about scribbling reports to the gendarmerie. Thus Ovechko started his "writer's activities" which today, spluttering with excitement, Svoboda praises. If Ovechko forgot his debut, let him remember at least Ulyana Shirenko, Pavlo Sych and Mikhailo Pavlov who were shot following his reports.

Perhaps to gain more life experience, Ovechko joined the police. It may be observed in passing that the school by that time had been closed by the Germans: so much for the studies. As much as his education allowed him, the polizei-"writer" wrote his libelous articles for the Melitopol Land newspaper published by the invaders, and as unfailingly as a hose: open the tap and water will flow through it. "Why not try my hand at writing poetry?" he once thought in a fit of inspiration.

Really, why not? Anything will do under such hard times, or "bezvremya" to use Ovechko's language. And he started writing fables in Russian. Moreover, in so doing he tried to imitate Krylov. True, everything came off Ovechko-style, but what a gravitation towards classics!

In his exercises in verses during the war, Ovechko, as much as he could, slandered his native land. At the same time he tarred the USA and other allies of the USSR in the anti-Hitler coalition, and hailed the Nazis. In a word, he did everything a traitor is supposed to do. However, things took a different turn. The polizei-"oracle" had to take to his heels in the train of the warriors of the "thousand-year-old Reich."

But one has to live somewhere! And Ovechko at last found shelter in the "most free" western country. What

does this "freedom lover" do there? Almost the same as he did during the war. He freely busies himself with provocations in the nationalist newspapers. For the dog which used to run after the cart will run after the sledge too. He abuses his people and the land where he was born, gives recipes as to what the tourist should "learn" before visiting the USSR, and calls on the USA to suppress the national-liberation movement in the world.

He attacked SALT-2 with special zeal. How come they forgot to ask Ovechko? He is against. It does not suit him. In connection with this he expresses his dissatisfaction with... all U.S. presidents because, in due time, they did not listen to Winston Churchill who, back in 1946, advised the dropping of an atomic bomb on Moscow.

True, remembering suddenly that the idea of nuclear war is very unpopular in the world, the associate provocateur (sorry, not associate but full) crowns his claims with a coquettish: "It's not my advice, but Churchill's."

He overjoys at smelling human blood anywhere in the world. "The troops seized power in the country and drove away the Marxist president. The Chilean military deserve a sincere salute," Ovechko choked with delight in 1973 in The Canadian Farmer newspaper on the occasion of the fascist coup in Chile.

Indeed, "exquisite" versifications! Fully worthy of the language-diplomatic inventiveness of the shrewd Ovechko.

Such an "intellectual" block pulled in to the University of North Colorado from the so-called Ukrainian Free University (UFU). I cannot but once again quote the article "The Harmful Book" by the above-mentioned Boiko-Blokhin (which, incidentally, mentions Ovechko's "neologisms"): "...It would be much better it the scholars from UFU itself cleaned the reputation of the institution of everything that stuck to it so disagreeably."

Nothing doing. Like priest, like people — like institu-

tion, like "scholar." But, obviously, that mysterious "thinker" suits Colorado science, otherwise he would not become an "associate." Tastes differ, you know: some like bison, others are satisfied with sheep. (The name of Ovechko translates into English as sheep.) True, rumor has it that the polizei-educator happens to have unpleasant excesses with his students, for they do not accept his concentration-camp-atomic conceptions. Who, however, pays attention to such trifles in the "free" world? As was stated recently by Phil Erwin, host of the morning program of the Voice of America, the United States is a free country — depending on what you intend to do.

That is why Ovechko does everything described above with impunity. In passing, he operates on the classics of Russian literature and does "awful" exercises with the Ukrainian language.

That is about all notes in the margin about Ovechko.

As he himself wrote recently: "When they say or write in the 'margines' (another Overchko neologism meaning "margin" — Ya. K.), they mean not to go too deep into details of the given matter."

We do not intend to do this, either. For there is no depth there. There is just tiny Ovechko who, with all his mysteriousness, is all on the surface.

Bearing in mind Ovechko's gravitation towards the classical literary legacy we'll give an answer by quoting the great Herzen: "I mentioned only trifles on purpose. The microscopic anatomy gives one a possibility to better understand the decomposition of tissue."

In our case, the tissue is Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism.

As for Ovechko, he is a trifle, a small fry indeed.

Mysterious.

OUT OF THE BLUE...

To tell the truth, he turned up not out of the blue, but from the Stetsko-Banderite incubator in Munich, and appeared not in the big world but in one of the 1980 issues of the nationalist newspaper Shlyakh Peremohy (The Way of Victory). Besides, nobody knows what is he, because the thin spate of words concerning the preparations for the 1980 Olympics was humbly signed "Sh. R." Now try and guess who created that word structure, "he" or "she."

To avoid making a mistake and lest "Sh. R." should take offense for referring him/her to the wrong sex, let it be "it." So, what tricks did this shameless "frau-herr" play?

Judge for yourself.

Writing about the Soviet team at the 1980 Olympics, "Sh. R." produces the following chef d'oeuvre: "We'll see at the Olympics not the peoples, but a new type of world youth — an athlete-Soviet (be he white, yellow or squint-eyed)."

This, according to the author's idea, must mean: "Look, kind men, what a discrimination of non-Russian sportsmen reigns in the USSR. They are represented at the Olympics not by separate national teams, but by the whole country's Selects. Let's lament and sympathize with them." The only thing to do after such an introduction is to sit down and weep bitter tears, but the author continues: "They are right in their desire to have a strong National Team at their home..." Then adds: "There is no room for national sentiments. After all, the insatiable capitalists of America (in this way "it" flaunts the freedom of speech — Ya. K.) also send their Blacks to capture as much Soviet gold as possible."

Well, to be sure. The U.S. Selects at the Olympic Games is something natural, the insulting "their Blacks"

must be regarded as a model of democratism, whereas the USSR National Team spells discrimination. What's to be said?

Perhaps, seeing for itself that "it" is head over ears in mere verbiage, the "Pan-Ukrainian frau-herr" tries to somehow get out of the silly situation and tie a sheaf of nonsense with a straw-band, good or bad, so that it won't fall apart — and thus prove for whom the USSR National Team means discrimination and oppression. Alas, all its efforts are in vain.

"It is also better for sportsmen from separate national republics to be on the united Soviet squad," says "Sh. R.", sinking still deeper into nonsense. Why is it better? Because, you see, if anyone representing those republics outstripped an athlete from the Russian team, "that person would be threatened with the end of his sports career and the arrest for 'bourgeois nationalism,' and even anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda." How awful! The world did not even suspect what a terrible punishment is in store for, say, Ukrainian athletes (who are the object of the most loud lamentations of the Munich "Ukrainophile") for their sports victories, and how much they are frightened because of it. Examples? Here you are. At the 20th Olympic Games held in Munich, where the USSR National Team won 50 gold, 27 silver and 22 bronze medals, the share of 71 Ukrainian sportsmen was 20 gold, 7 silver and 9 bronze awards, whereas at the 31st Olympics in Montreal, where in their terrible fright went already 94 Ukrainian athletes, they captured 27 gold, 21 silver and 20 bronze medals out of the total 49 gold, 41 silver and 35 bronze awards of the USSR team. That's what Ukrainian athletes did, frightened by discrimination. As for Soviet power, it was quick to punish them. For instance, Petro Koval, 1972 USSR champion and winner of the 21st Olympic Games in weightlifting, was awarded, sorry, punished, with the

"For Labor Prowess" Medal, while Olexander Kolchinsky, four-time USSR champion and winner of the same Olympics in wrestling, got it still hotter: he was presented with the "Badge of Honor" Order. It is just terrible to think what happened to Olexander Shaparenko, champion of the 20th Olympics in kayaking: he was awarded two decorations — the "Red Banner of Labor" and the "Badge of Honor." This list is far from complete. "Persecuted" in this manner in the Soviet Union are not only Ukrainian sportsmen, but anyone who dares to take the lead. The main thing, however loud "Sh. R." might moan and complain about it, the situation is not likely to change.

That is why, during the 20th Olympic Games in Munich, the "independent" Munich-kept persons kicked up such a fuss meant to sympathize with the oppressed Ukrainian sportsmen that even the West German newspaper Frankfurter Allgemeine (which can be hardly suspected of pro-Soviet sentiments) could not bear it and carried the following in one of its Olympic issues: "By some fatal coincidence, the emigrants chose for their Olympic 'information center' Schleihammerstraße — the place of usual gathering of the cheapest prostitutes whom the police put under control during the Games." That's a nice place to settle! You can't help it — a professional habit. True, they differ from an ordinary prostitute in being more importunate, which, according to them, means to be faithful in their love. You turn them out through the door, they will get in through the window and whimper: "Let us liberate you, eh?" A window is nothing, though. With their devoted love they are ready to set off for another continent. This is corroborated by one of the chiefs of the above information den, sorry, bureau, Thomas Bobin who during the 20th Olympic Games in Munich was impudent enough to stick like a leech to Olympic gold medalist Mykola Avilov from Odessa with

his sympathies and tempting propositions. How embarrassing it turned out for that advocate of the rights of "the oppressed nations"! It taught him no lesson, though. Thomas Bobin again appeared at the 21st Olympics in Montreal with the program of liberational flirting. There too, however, his "love" remained unrequitted. Telling you about the events of the past Olympic Games we by no means departed from the subject of our talk: nonsense piled up by "Sh. R." For it is constant failure in trying to press one's love upon the Ukrainian people that gives birth to such word inventions. But there is more to it.

To frighten those who were going to participate in the Moscow Olympics, "Sh. R." in every possible way played up the word "prison" and with such a professional inventiveness that one cannot but see the fascist-Banderite training behind it. So that the fright was greater, the "intimidator" pumps horror by stating that every foreign guest of the Moscow Olympics (over 300 thousand in all) will be shadowed round the clock, and the shadow will stick to him like a burr and see to it that he does not go anywhere and does not contact Soviet citizens. In addition, the poor foreigner is in for the "ideological" brainwashing.

Frightening? No, ridiculous. Not because they try to shift the blame onto somebody else, which trick is as old and moth-eaten as a poor peasant's jacket, but because the nationalist press itself, gnashing its teeth, had to admit more than once that after visiting the Soviet Union people laugh at the authors of those intimidations, meaning "Your father's sons used to lie and you together with them." So why do everything to become a laughing-stock, while people do not believe a single word of yours? There is a reason, however. As the saying goes: The devil wants the whole world to be a swamp. That is why "Sh. R.'s" criminal-prison opus abounds in

intricate word webs so that even the author can't make sense of it. Sense is something unnecessary here, though. The main thing is to kick up a frightening racket: maybe some timorous person will swallow the bait.

"Sh. R." does not care a fig about the fact that it resembles a man who was the last to come to get some reason. It is not so very serious, though. Well, he/she failed to get any. It happens, you know. However, it is not for the lack of reason that the "Ukrainophiles" raise a senseless hullabaloo. Such is their program. They are ready to give up anything for the possibility to fling mud at this country. That is their bread and butter. Dirty, though. That is why each of them does his best to drive all kinds of nonsense — the dirtier the better. They are dead to shame.

Yet in 1972, characterizing the petty intrigues of former Ukrainians round the Soviet National Team at the 20th Olympic Games, the newspaper Suisse (Switzerland) provided an exhaustive and vivid description of the independent (as far as the CIA chain allows) rats: "Their orthodox conjurations and appeals addressed to the triumphant Olympians from the Soviet Union to struggle against their being oppressed reminded one of shrieks of the passengers who were thrown out of the train and try to pursuade the locomotive to stop turning its wheels."

Absolutely right. Time passes, the locomotive of history advances in the direction needed by mankind, and the "independent patriots" scream in fright under its wheels. For, you see, they need to go in another direction. Any kind of nonsense can be invented out of fright caused by fury because the world developments take the turn other than they wish. Hence the opuses like that by "Sh. R.".

However, there is a detail in this opus which testifies to the author's foresight: he/she did not put his/her full

name under it, but hid himself/herself behind the two-letter screen.

Otherwise people would point at him/her, laughing: "Here goes the shameless man or woman who made such an indecent appearance."

Even a similar Australia-based Banderite publication (with a different title, though) had to admit that the Moscow Olympics had been organized better than the previous ones, for the Soviet State exerted every effort to do so. That's it. But "Sh. R." turned up out of the blue to prove the opposite. As a result he/she became a laughing stock. It serves him/her right.

ALMS FOR THE POOR!

If the Oriental calendar includes, say, the year of the snake or monkey, why then should the Ukrainian nationalists not have at least a month of the WCFU (World Congress of Free Ukrainians)? So that nobody doubted whether this can be or not, they announced through the press that May was declared the month of the WCFU.

Doesn't it sound modest and yet significant?

Modest, because they did not ask for the whole year. Significant, because everybody should see they were not born yesterday: the Japanese, say, worship the monkey, and the Ukrainian nationalists — the WCFU.

However, to declare is only half the work done. The expressive declaration must be based on the corresponding ground. This ground took the form of a long list of services of the WCFU leaders to the Ukrainian community: they achieved their aim, accredited themselves, and drew up a heap of actions of international scope, and on the whole planned so much that you can't see around

it. All this, to be sure, only "for the good of Ukrainians" all over the world, whom the leaders love so much that in the name of this love, when it comes to a regular gathering — sorry, "congress" — they fight tooth and nail in the struggle for the leading posts. That struggle is one of principle, for he who will climb higher on the hierarchical ladder will be the first among champions of happiness of the Ukrainian people.

So, after bestowing much praise and expressing belief in unity, the authors of the above document switch over to the heart of the matter, i. e. the need of money. That is exactly what the month of the WCFU means. "Because the donations of our community are the only source of our material means which allow us to plan and realize our activity so as to serve as best as possible the needs of our community in the free world..."

Considering such merits and firm belief, why not declare the year of the WCFU — following the fashion of the Oriental calendar?

Possibly they really would do this if the like-minded "liberators," "Ukrainophiles" (from among their ranks) did not get in the way and spoil the general picture. The most annoying thing is that those are not rank and file members, but leaders.

Let's take for example Yaroslav Halvas, member of the leadership of Ukrainian nationalists, an experienced "fighter" for the interests of Ukrainians. It must be the devil's work, for he, practically on the eve of the beggarly campaign, tarred the "holy" activity of the WCFU leadership on the pages of the January issue of S v o b o d a. It was he who wrote that the influence of those Ukrainophiles decreases and there is no hope for any changes in future, and, he said, on the whole not only individual persons but even organizations "don't see any benefits for themselves in the existence and support of the WCFU."

Another example. Yaroslav Deremenda (also a "big shot" among the Banderites — he is the ringleader of the Ukrainian Youth Association in England), in the Banderite newspaper Ukrainska Dumka (Ukrainian Thought), let out both the chaos in the WCFU structure, and that all of the 100,000 dollar budget, obtained by begging from people, is spent not on the vital needs of the Ukrainian community, but on the upkeep of the "too numerous" leadership, their costly trips, participation in international gatherings, and their own representation without which no leader can do, like an old woman cannot do without stories about her girlhood.

Indeed! They helped their spiritual brothers, supported them at the most crucial moment like a rope supports a hanged man.

However, even after such a slap in the face, the WCFU ringleaders did not burn with shame and, for all that, declared a regular month of the WCFU, for, as Haivas holds, "at any cost it is necessary to take care of raising funds."

Well, how do you like that? Curses aside when it comes to the funds. The matter is they were nearing the third WCFU, and nobody could tell at that time who would get access to those funds. Therefore, quarrel or no quarrel, the money must be obtained "at any cost." So, good people! Alms for the poor!

However, such an inflexible and primitive method is good, perhaps, only for a fair. But after "freely" accrediting themselves in the foreign yard under the fence, playing the "big policy" game and swindling money out of ordinary people on the international scale, they obviously have to invent something more "attractive." This is why the WCFU-style whining "Alms for the poor!" is printed in the nationalist publications under the high-sounding and significant headline "An Appeal of the

WCFU Secretariat to the Ukrainian Community in the Free World."

That's what they live upon.

THE WEEK OF PROVOCATIONS AGAINST NATIONS

This headline does not in any way mean that the provocative actions of the relevant interested circles of the "most democratic" Western power are limited to that week. If we recall the "philanthropic" actions of the USA in Vietnam, or take more fresh Iranian events, or quite recent, so to say, domestic actions in Miami, they won't fit into a week. This Week, however, differs from other actions, first of all, because in 1959 the "interested circles" pushed a resolution in the U.S. Congress to hold it annually. Secondly, it has the unexpected name — the Captive Nations Week.

One of the July, 1979 issues of the New York-based S v o b o d a says that this resolution calls for the holding of the Week "till all the captive nations in the world win freedom and independence."

What beautiful and humane words, how harmoniously they follow one another! One can become deeply moved, even shed a few tears of such great love of the people. Indeed, there are still many destitute and deprived nations in the world. However, let us not be too quick to burst into tears. This is exactly what the authors of the resolution counted on. In reality, this verbal syrup is as far from the real sympathy for the "captive nations" as "from Rostov to Christmas" — as they once used to say. It is just as senseless to measure the distance between a city and a holiday as to look for humanism in that resolution. Can the resolution on the so-called Captive Nations Week be taken at face value if it was passed

by Congress in a country where, in the period from 1882 to 1954, 4,724 Blacks were lynched; where, on July 28, 1932, in Washington, the "guardians of law and order" shot at demonstrators — veterans of WWI, who demanded to be paid their due pecuniary aid; where, in 1976, the police killed 300 young workers. The 200-odd-year history of the USA knows hundreds of such "where's." One evidence of how they "win freedom" in the "most democratic" country is the May 1980 butchery in Miami (20 killed, 300 injured and 1200 detained Blacks), which started with the murder by the police of a Black, A. MacDaffy... because the latter violated traffic regulations. It can be very dangerous for Black Americans in the "country of equal rights" to infringe upon traffic rules.

For all that, America is a country of unlimited freedoms. Where else can you freely sell your kidney? Jobless D. Evans, 40, from Pennsylvania, for example, had that freedom, which he immediately used by sending approximately the following ad to a Pittsburgh newspaper: "I want money in return for my kidney. Suggest fair bargain." Freedoms are in abundance in that country: you can freely sell your kidney, liver, skin, soul, anything, or you may choose a method to finish your life, in case you are not helped to do so if you insistently defy such freedoms. If you have money and power, you are quite free to kill Blacks or Puerto Ricans. You are free to fire a worker from a factory, or shoot at a war veteran who defended the USA constitutional rights. Nothing strange. This is a country of equal possibilities, where each and everyone, without exception, is equal before the law. True, according to A. Goldberg, member of the Supreme Court of the United States: "Some are more equal than others." Nothing doing. This is, so to say, "democratic" costs. Different freedoms: one sells his kidney, another

beats off his kidney or liver. Thus, the above D. Evans and, say, Ford are equal.

American working people are, no doubt, grateful for such freedoms and equalities. Like, for example, leader of the Black movement Martin Luther King who was freely dispatched to the other world by the "champions for human rights." "Free at last. Thanks, Almighty. I'm free at last" — these words are inscribed on... his tomb.

That is why the name of the Week sounds so pharisaical.

The matter is that all this "philanthropic puff" was devised exclusively as a vehicle for fanning anti-communist propaganda and war hysteria.

That this is exactly so and not otherwise was attested to by the American newspaper The Washington Post in one of its July issues several years ago. It wrote that this law had never been more than a tool for anti-communist propaganda and anti-Soviet extremism. The newspaper of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists Svoboda involuntarily admits: "The resolution was approved at a time when the cold war was at its peak..."

That is why the Ukrainian nationalists stuck with their hearts to this resolution like tar to the sole. It could not be otherwise, as this is another pretext to kick up annual "liberation" hullabaloos to vociferate about human rights, demand a crusade against the USSR and other socialist countries. It's not for nothing that they say that he who cries loudest "Stop the thief!" is the thief himself.

The nationalists are blowing their own trumpet that a great merit in this antihuman campaign belongs to the UCCA, the so-called Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which continuously advertises the Week. It can't be otherwise — like priest, like people, just as there can't be any talk of UCCA's honest and humanistic activities since the author of that draft resolution is Leo

Dobriansky himself. President of the UCCA and reserve colonel of the U.S. intelligence, he has the jitters whenever some anti-Soviet provocation goes without him, for he is afraid that he may lose the confidence of his benefactors. This is just mere provocative twaddle which contains as many ideas for supporting captive nations as a sieve can hold water.

Therefore, all those annual "Weeks" of anti-Soviet provocations — calling a spade a spade — are very much alike: divine services, spreading of anti-Soviet scribblings, threats addressed to socialist countries, and even direct calls for armed campaigns against the East, and sometimes placing of flowers before a symbolic fire "in honor of fallen heroes in two world wars" as the Australia-based Vilna Dumka (Free Thought) wrote. But do not think it was staged in honor of Soviet soldiers who gave their lives liberating the world from fascism, or to American and British soldiers who also gave their lives in the name of the common aim of the world's nations — peace and freedom. On the contrary, flowers were meant for those who exterminated children, women, war prisoners of the Anti-Hitler Coalition, for those who had deprived of lives those American soldiers on whose soil annual farces are held under such a loud name. Nationalist newspapers themselves admit that this is nothing but a farce. Not a single "Week," over all these decades, has passed without banquets, dancing parties, carnivals supported by a rich supply of stimulating drinks. It seems they will soon devise a slogan: "No liberation action without a drink and worldly pleasures." It is not accidental that a certain B. Vishinsky thus described one of the events of such a "Week" in a July 1979 issue of Vilna Dumka: "The jolliest part of the program was naming the queen of captive nations. This time it was Ukrainian Alla Brinza..." It's pretty odd: fight for human rights with a glass to the "queen's" health. As you

see, blasphemy, theft and insolence get along very well. One has to have the gall to advise senators and congressmen, as does Leo Dobriansky, to introduce, in the Soviet Union, human rights in the U.S. fashion, or to dictate demands to the Soviet Union on religious questions. (Incidentally, it's high time to know that the church in the USSR is separated from the state and that the state does not interfere in church life.) This is all quite authentic. It was taken from one of Svoboda issues which deals with the so-called Captive Nations Week.

In a January 1980 issue, the newspaper America went even further by printing Dobriansky's meditations concerning the "Week." It has everything. The "Week" is "a challenge to Moscow," "a call for freedom, which can lead to a war."

Here is where the shoe pinches. They want a war. The "human rights advocates" can agree to nothing less. Evidently, this is why the working people of America, irrespective of ethnic origin, avoid these "philanthropists" with brass-knuckles.

Back in 1976, the Chicago-based newspaper Ukrainske Zhyttya (Ukrainian Life), repeating the Svoboda article by all-famed I. Kedrin, wrote on the occasion of holding the UCCA's manifestation devoted to the "Week": "More than 100,000 dollars and more human effort have been squandered... The objective of the undertaking hasn't been reached... Our people have lost interest in such undertakings and no longer take part in street manifestations. Such undertakings should be stopped."

This evaluation was given by broad circles of the foreign public to the so-called "Week." Indeed, the latter has nothing to do either with peace, freedom, or human rights. It is nothing but a curtain for warmongers.

A week of provocations against nations.

COSTS OF PIOUS PAROXYSM

A century ago the great American Mark Twain wrote the lampoon "Catechism Corrected." Among other things, it goes something like this:

"Freshmen who study the newest moral philosophy stand up and recite in a sing-song voice:

"Which is the main goal of human life?"

"Answer: To become rich."

"In what way?"

"Answer: Dishonest if possible, honest if it can't be otherwise."

"Who is the real and only God?"

"Answer: Money is the God."

Has anything changed over the past century in the status of that God in the motherland of the outstanding writer? Yes. That God has become more capricious, he demands more attention to himself, since the goal remains the same. Therefore, he allows to tear from his grace only those who faithfully offer prayers to him.

An ecstasy of pious competition flares up among those who seek that grace in order to snatch as much as possible from the bounties of the golden God. Honesty is out of the question here. As for the numerous dishonest methods of serving the powerful Mammon, perhaps the most profitable is anti-Soviet hysteria. This could be corroborated by the Philadelphia-based English-language weekly with the "Ukrainophile" mentality, America. The latter won't do this, though, for it would mean an honest act — which promises no grace, that is profits. The examples that America lives upon anti-Soviet hysteria are in abundance. Thus, one of its 1980 issues carried an editorial which sharply criticised the author of these lines and of the pamphlet entitled "The Week of Provocations Against Nations," published in News from Ukraine, Issue No. 30, 1980.

Allegedly, they, the nationalists, gather once a year in a "democratic" atmosphere to stage a free lamentation over the captive nations, and he, the author of the pamphlet, "ridiculed American democracy" by citing a notice from a newspaper which comes out in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in which 40-year-old jobless D. Evans offered to sell his own kidney to earn some money. Apparently, the narrow-minded author of the pamphlet does not understand such unlimited human rights as the right to sell one's own insides. Moreover, that "commie" also dared to "explain" the principles of American democracy, claiming that, if you have money in America, you are free to do whatever you goddamn please.

In reality, the author did not try to explain anything. This has been done by others: the official American press and American officials. The author simply used their admissions. Yet, in case the publishers of the militant America don't trust these admissions, we won't argue. Let's take some other testimonies.

Here is an illustration of unlimited democracy. An American banker, F. Martin, once said: "We are not champions of people's prosperity. We are the rich, and America belongs to us." Such democracy simply makes one's head spin.

As far as equal rights and opportunities for various races are concerned, let's take a comment from The New York Times on President Carter's visit, in 1977, to one of the New York ghettoes, the Southern Bronx. The paper wrote that a visit to the Southern Bronx is just as essential for understanding America as a visit to Auschwitz is for understanding Nazism. President Carter also stated after the visit that for him it was a sobering trip. Isn't this an eloquent and full corroboration of the equality of the ghetto residents with Mr. F. Martin?

As far as Nazism is concerned, nobody can explain it better than the America publishers, for during the war they loyally served the Nazis. Lev Shankowsky, for example, in 1939 commanded a group sent by the Nazis to Poland for provocative purposes. Lyubomir Rykhtitsky, on the other hand, still has a militant itch which started during his service in the SS Division Galizien. That is why, up till now, he calls for war against the USSR on the pages of America. Similar things can be said about Zenon Matla and Ihnat Bilynsky who were among close friends of Stepan Bandera.

Anyway, why all these characters are so energetic in disproving the pamphlet "The Week of Provocations Against Nations"? The answer is as simple as that: those who have their house littered are always happy to help others clean theirs, to make the same litter. This is why they are yelling about great democracy and human rights in the USA.

True, the United States is a free country. Here I can't resist a temptation to cite once again the words of a program director of the Voice of America, Phil Erwin, who said that it is free depending on what you intend to do.

Anyway, what has one to do to be a free person with all rights and opportunities?

Nothing special: just steal a railroad. In any case, so advises an American saying: "If you steal a piece of bread, you'll go to prison, and if you steal a railroad, you'll be made a senator." It's not necessary to limit oneself to railroads only. After all, America is a country of unlimited opportunities. The main thing is to do something sensational. This can be corroborated by James Hollijam, a senator for California, who once admitted that he had broken all the Ten Commandments, that he had deceived the state, the electors, that he had bribed officials and taken bribes himself, and that he had laid

claims to somebody else's property. In spite of this, Time magazine named him... the most honest U.S. politician. Can you imagine what dishonest politicians are?

Perhaps, it is these honest principles that provide big opportunities and extensive rights, say, for the native residents of America — Indians, who numbered about 12 million in the 17th century, and whose number today, thanks to the efforts of their "pale-faced brothers," has been reduced to some 800 thousand.

The America weekly is exasperated because the pamphlet "The Week of Provocations Against Nations" is directed against the "damned Ukrainian nationalists" and, primarily, against the UCCA which is charged with organizing and subsidizing the annual "Captive Nations Weeks."

Well, it's no use proving that which is obvious. The author states once again that he is against individual Ukrainian nationalists and the entire UCCA where these individuals gather. As far as the word "damned" is concerned (incidentally, there is no such word in the pamphlet), it is not perhaps accidental that during the war the following parable appeared in the Ukraine: In the middle of the night the son wakes up his father: "Daddy, some devil's trying to get in." "Come, come, sonny. Let it be the Devil, but not an OUNite."

As for an insult to Leo Dobriansky, the UCCA president, who is "described as reserve colonel of American military intelligence," it is a shame not to know the biography of your own master. You should at least sometimes stop scribbling and read a bit instead. For example, the almanac Ukrainians in North America, published in the USA.

Those who wrote the editorial in America note that the Soviet author is annoyed at the UCCA activities during the "Week" with all its anti-Soviet demonstrations and calls for a crusade against the USSR, etc. Come on!

Do you really think that a bunch of senile nationalists kicking each other for a better place near the dollar feeders presents at least some threat to the USSR? For shame! One has to keep to some limits even in case of publicity self-extollment. Isn't it ridiculous: UCCA against... the USSR? Besides, it is that very UCCA about which the nationalist newspaper Noviy Shlyakh (New Path) wrote quite recently that it is headed by a "special type of people of special-genetic-biological straying, who do not stick to the generally accepted norms of human morality, ethics, and legality."

Please understand: all this is laughable, just as laughable are all the hassles connected with the "elections of the queen of captive nations," which, according to nationalist publications, is "the jolliest part of the Week." What kind of jolliness, gentlemen, when you come to lament over the "captive nations"? If you really needed the "queen," why choose the "peaches and cream" Alla Brinza? You should choose someone reminiscent of Auschwitz, who would better match the "mournful spectacle." In case you don't have somebody at hand, why not look in the Southern Bronx visited by Carter? Or you could consult one of the activists of the UCCA, Mykola Klymyshyn, who for "special merits" was appointed by the Nazis the food chief of that same Auschwitz where more than four million people died from torture and hunger.

So, the annual "Week" with its histrionic lamentation over some captive nations, with its attractive, alluring queens, placing of flowers and banquets, groans for humaneness and calls to war is nothing else but the anti-Soviet and, in general, antihuman paroxysm which leaps to the eye even of those who can be hardly suspected of pro-Soviet sentiments.

In this connection, the Washington Post was right in describing the "Captive Nations Week" as fantastic rhetoric of the cold war released in a fit of hyster-

ical anti-communism. The newspaper wrote that the annual captive nations week should better be called "the week of captive congressmen."

Thus, gentlemen, nobody is annoyed at you. It is you who are annoyed because everybody is laughing at your annual spectacle called "Captive Nations Week" and even the press admits that the money spent on it is wasted money. Should I cite again, or maybe you yourselves would read the nationalist press more carefully?

Among those annoyed and irritated was Congressman Derwinski thanks to whom, as America admitted, such a solid parliamentary edition as the Congressional Record reprinted the frenzied attack on "the communist author."

Should the official organ of Congress publish just as energetic protests against the status of Black Americans, or Indians, or Puerto Ricans, or other nations, there definitely won't be any captive nations for whom one should lament. But let us not give any advice or else the gentlemen from America again become irritated of "interference" in the internal affairs of the "most free" Western state by a "communist author."

WHEN CAIN SHED TEARS...

Ages have swept over the earth since there appeared a biblical legend about Cain who not only treacherously killed his brother Abel, but then, without batting an eyelid, disowned the crime. When the enraged god Jehova learned about Cain's despicable act he said to him, "Your brother's blood is speaking to me from the grave... You shall be the damned proscript, and you will wander the land eternally!"

Since that time fratricidal Cain has roamed the world, while his name became a symbol of evil, insidiousness, hypocrisy and treachery.

But all of a sudden... Cain burst into tears. How come?

Several years ago the Jewish community in Denver, USA, decided to build a memorial dedicated to the victims of Nazism, who, in September 1941, were killed in Babyn Yar — the then suburb of Kiev. Among those victims were tens of thousands Jews.

Hence, it was a noble desire and the right decision to build such a memorial. The more so that the memorial with a corresponding inscription had to be installed in the country which had not experienced the horrors of WWII on its territory. It would not only tell the Americans about the grief and death which Nazism brought to the peoples of Europe by inciting WWII, but also would spell a humanistic act. For every new monument to the victims of Nazism is more than just memory — it is an appeal to the living not to allow another bloody crime against humanity.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly until Cain burst into tears and his dirty hands touched the noble cause of commemorating the Babyn Yar victims.

Still in October 1980, the newspaper Svoboda, notorious for its "philanthropy"-hungry publications, turned on the alarm hydrant pouring out unction saying that the memorial in Denver "...for all of us is a symbol. We have to make every effort to support the initiative to... make it worthily represent us..."

What made Cain shed a tear? What disturbed that treacherous and insidious soul? It seems, the inscription planned for the memorial did not represent the nationalists in the right way. According to their publications, it was "harmful" for these "mourners" of Nazi victims, although it was nobody else but they who, with their "puppet-premier" Stetsko, hullabalooed that the "German methods" of exterminating the Jewry without permitting their assimilation were to be brought to the Ukraine.

And the "methods" were brought here. Hanging over Babyn Yar, as well as over hundreds of other places of mass extermination of people, is not only the shadow of the swastika, but also that of a trident — the ominous emblem of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. Today, you see, this is "harmful" for them. So, the thief weeps not because of remorse, but because he was caught.

They exterminated not only Jews, but also Russians and Poles and their, so to speak, dear Ukrainians not only because the latter were against "the new order," but because they gave shelter to Jewish families. This is why now, at any cost, the children of Cain are trying to disown the crimes they had perpetrated; moreover, to make the covering of their heads with ashes more effective, their publications featured a request to mail them documents on "the Nazis' crimes in the Ukraine." Look, good people, what philanthropists, pacifists, benefactors, and enemies of Nazism we are. We too, they say, suffered enough from it. Well, I never! Thus, perhaps, they will raise to anti-fascist the ill-famed Admiral Kanaris on the ground that he was hanged on Hitler's order. During the war, however, they sang another song. People still can't help crying, remembering their singing.

The vile crimes perpetrated by the Nazis on the temporarily occupied Soviet territories left five million dead in the Ukraine alone. Had it not been for the endeavors of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, who raced one another to prove their loyalty to the Reich, the victims would have been much fewer. It was the OUN "leader" Bandera and "premier" Stetsko who passed on to Hitler the lists of Lvivites destined to death. And those were killed. These same Ukrainian nationalists were watchmen at the Yaniv concentration camp where, from 1941 to 1943, 200,000 Jews were murdered; these "independent trident servants" received additional food rations for

each captured or killed Jew. This could have been proved by former polizei M. Sulyma or SS-man S. Fostun (both residing presently in Great Britain), had they found themselves facing a court.

Now, they mark their foul commemorative feast and theatrically shed false tears, meanwhile generously channelling several pounds from their incomes on the memorial: just the right moment to dissociate from the vile crimes.

But where does the money come from? For instance, Yosyp Yarosh, presently an FRG subject, was resourceful yet not too particular about making his own prosperity. He looted the people he killed: maybe he would recall Khaika Sternbach whom he killed in broad daylight in the summer of 1942 on the street of the village of Rozhnyativ to snatch a purse from her as a memento of "love."

This "patriot" is responsible for a long list of such actions. Former Mayor of the town of Bolekhiv, Ostap Hutsalo, and police chief at the village of Krimne in the Volyn area, Kyrylo Horbatiuk (now living in Sweden under the name of Harbar), earned their prosperity in a similar manner.

Man's life is too short to narrate all the "humane" deeds of Cain's successors.

Concerning the tragedy at Babyn Yar it would suffice to turn to Olexander Ohloblin instead of publishing appeals requesting material on fascist crimes in the Ukraine. Ohloblin lives in Cleveland, USA, and is a professor at the so-called Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences (UFAS). When in September 1941 the screams and shouts of the first 100,000 of those destined to be killed resounded over Babyn Yar, Ohloblin headed the Kiev Town Hall. Could that action have gone unnoticed by him? Or was he blind and deaf at that moment, and he, poor fellow, till this very day does not know what the

Ukrainian security police, headed by Anatoly Kabaida, together with the Nazis did with his consent?

Kabaida, too, could have sent in from Australia some interesting documents about his own and that of his subordinates' "love" for Kievans if he hasn't kicked the bucket.

Cain's successors were more elaborate and inventive than their predecessor in choosing methods of killing. They provided a so-called ideological formula for the mass extermination of people. This could be narrated by Ivan Rohach who, one of the first, began anti-Semitic propaganda on the pages of the nationalist publication Ukrainske Slovo (Ukrainian Word) which was then published in Kiev; matching Rohach was the publication's editor Kostyantyn Shtepa known in the lists of the SS agents as Kostya. "The Jews' Day of Reckoning nears," he wrote on June 10, 1942, in an editorial captioned "Jewry and Bolshevism."

Such articles were numerous in the publications put out then in the Ukraine.

Yet now, they are requesting to send in testimonies about the Nazis' heinous crimes. But who can ever forget your own crimes, Cain's children?

Some may remark that these are the events of the distant past and the criminals are ready to repent their crimes. Moreover, with their payment of 38,000 dollars for building the memorial (the nationalists themselves worked out the sum) they want to atone for their guilt and buy an indulgence from mankind.

No, it won't do. Such crimes can never be forgiven and no money can buy an indulgence for them, for this would mean blasphemy both in respect to the memory of the dead, the living and their descendants.

The most terrible thing is that none of them was ever going to repent their crimes.

In 1952, in New York, an anti-Semitic book by Sydir

Zaporozhets, Kozhen Povynen Znaty (Everyone Must Know), was published. The book was strewn with obscenities which one would be ashamed to pronounce out loud. The author attacks even his co-thinkers who, in public, try to hide their anti-Semitic nature.

A certain Yu. Movchan in his work Shcho Varto b Znaty (You Should Know This), published in Toronto in 1966, went as far as to threaten that those who disagree with Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists will be treated as "Moscow agents with all the unpleasant consequences it entails for the Jews."

Meanwhile, Cain's successors make their way to making the memorial and raise funds among the UCCA members, where Hitler's former lackey, Banderite Hnat Bilynsky, plays a leading role, and where Mykola Klymyshyn is one of the activists. The latter, in his own time, was put in charge of canteens in Auschwitz (for his loyal service to the Nazis), where four million people were murdered.

Don't they know about that in Denver? They do know this: the unveiling of the monument was put off from October 1981 to April 1982, not for technical reasons as the Toronto-based newspaper Vilne Slovo (Free Word) informed, but, primarily, because "...there were discrepancies in the inscription and misunderstandings in relationships with the Jewish community in Denver."

At last, "agreement was reached on July 28 this year..." Was it an agreement to defile the memory of the martyrs? To defile the tombs of the dead? Even Cain did not go that far.

In Babyn Yar, even in calm weather, one can hear the sorrowful rustle of leaves: it is the voice of the murdered people coming to us from the grave, "People, we died a martyr's death — enough for us! In the name of justice, in the name of your children, don't let our

graves be defiled. Don't let the memory of us be covered with filth. Don't! Don't! Don't!"

Meanwhile, the awful sacrilege is being prepared in Denver.

A FIT OF HANGMAN'S HUMANISM

The great American of the 19th century, President Abraham Lincoln warned his high-positioned contemporaries not to abuse power and popular patience in the following way: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

These words should have been a wise warning to the successors of the great president. Alas!

This explains why every time the White House falls into a fit of motioning "noble ideas," mankind gets nervous. Just like now: the White House has prepared a "humane gift" to humanity. And yet, the "unconscious humanity" so stubbornly protests against this "noble act." Why? After all, global humanism whose ideas were crystallized during the Renaissance, is to this day mankind's cherished dream.

Mankind, though, has reason. Because the gift in the Pentagon's "humane" wrapping is not only the fooling of the American people, but a global cheating. The Second World War and the Nazi death camps with their conveyer extermination system which killed millions, even the atomic tragedies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is nothing compared to that "humanism" of total annihilation of everything living which has been planned by the Pentagon strategists.

The U.S. President Ronald Reagan has authorized a full-scale production of neutron weapons — America's gift to the nations of the world, primarily to Europeans where the strategists plan these weapons to be used. So far

this is the greatest humanism produced by the White House.

There are no humane weapons as such, because any weapon is meant to kill. This elementary truth is known even to a second-rate student of Grade One, so it should be apprehended by the high-heeled successors of Abraham Lincoln who ought to have more education and more understanding of the results of nuclear weapons being used. But the point is that they do have both the education and the understanding. They only lack the sense of responsibility and the sense of measure. Only the absense of these qualities, which every person, especially a politician should have, can explain U.S. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's statement made at a press conference to the effect that the capabilities opened up by these weapons in the sense of solidifying the theater nuclear forces are so "great" that it is a high probability the U.S. would want to use them.

Let's assume that the current Administration are fond of theatricals, but this in no way means they should mistake the theater stage for the theater of war. Let alone the theater, it's not a Hollywood shooting range where after a solid "bang!!!" both the killer and the victim go to a nearby bar and across a whisky discuss all the intricacies of a theatrically artistic murder.

If the neutron bomb is ever used in the theater of war, no one would ever go anywhere. The planet will turn into a graveyard. Even those who survive by accident would curse the inventors of the "neutron" humanism and would envy the dead, because the genetic effects would be revealed in a course of several generations and Mother Nature's summit — the Homo Sapiens — would give birth to morons who in any case would be doomed to extinction from terrible diseases and, in the final count, from famine, because the earth would lose fertility. It would take from 200 to 300 years to restore

organic life on the site of the blast, scientists throughout the world warn. The horrible effects of the neutron bomb were described in The Washington Post back in 1977 by George Kistiakowski, one of the fathers of the A-bomb and scientific adviser to President Eisenhower.

So, whose tongue twisted and said the neutron bomb is "humane," and whence is that "humanism"? Well, that was the tongue of the man now in the White House, and the humanism of this type of cruel mass murder lies in that the neutron bomb kills everything living, leaving material property intact.

Strange? No, it's insane. The White House's "hangman's humanism" fails to fit into the logic of normal thinking. Back in 1948 the American press carried a photograph of a U.S. citizen who threw himself from the 102nd floor. The caption to the photo read: "This sack of human skin is filled with blood and broken bones, but the dollar coin and one dollar paper bill found in a pocket of the jacket were absolutely intact."

A human being is nothing, a worthless thing. It doesn't sustain such a trifle as falling from the 102nd floor. Hail, Mr. Dollar! It survives any falls and any radiation. No matter what you become, the golden idol will survive.

History knows the source of that "neutron humanism" whose roots can be found back in 1945. Then, during the Potsdam conference of the allied powers on which people of the world placed so many hopes, anticipating that it would put an end to the atrocious, ravaging wars, the then U.S. President Harry Truman became excited at one of the sessions when he was shown the coded cable reading, "The Little Boy born sound." It meant that Americans made a successful first A-bomb test. The Little Boy was a codename for the A-bomb: the Pentagon code experts couldn't have masterminded a better version.

Although at that time there was no military necessity in using the new weapon, but rather to test the strength

of the new baby and, at the same time, to swing an atomic fist in front of stunned humanity, President Truman went ahead and ordered to drop the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki where at that time there were thousands of children, not American, but Japanese. The Little Boy was really powerful and treacherous. Today, two generations apart, the Japanese children keep dying from the genetic effects of which world scientists have been warning. Well, the irradiation effect of the neutron bomb, experts claim, is exactly ten times higher. So people of the earth can pretty well imagine how many of them can be vaporized in one blow and how much property they will leave behind.

Using, in relations with its allies, the principle of the horseman and the horse, Washington wants to force them into galloping toward transforming their territories into a nuclear testing ground, giving hazy explanations alleging it's a "defensive step" against the "Soviet threat" and lulling public opinion into believing that the neutron bomb would be used only against enemy troops, and would do very little harm to the civilian population.

Yet, despite this lullabying, Europe doesn't feel safe to sleep. Because it doesn't look right at all.

As far as the "Soviet threat" goes, this very phrase causes more and more ironic grins not only in the West European countries, but in the United States as well. It's getting more and more difficult to fish for the public support with such a blunt hook.

As far as the localized usage of neutron weapons is concerned, one needn't be a military expert to understand that to drop it on the enemy which is right near your own troops is like bombing your own house, because irradiation spreads equally to all sides. Secondly, any army is combat-capable as long as it is supplied by the rear. This means that the neutron weapons are intended also for paralyzing the rear which is the habitat of those

same civilians who seemingly have nothing to fear. Don't they know about it in the White House? If not, they'd better consult with the business promotion experts on how to advertise the "convenient, reliable and personalized" shelters. Alas, the cheapest of them, as was reported by an Italian weekly, costs around 22 million lira. It seems that those who produce material values with their own hands would hardly ever get one. But in the free-enterprise world you'd hardly redeem both the soul and the body without money.

Generally speaking, the trick, with alluding to a threat coming from someone else, is not Washington's invention. History can tell of many such cases. Those who prepare for war always pile up weapons without measure and start a psychological pressure on the public opinion. This was exactly what was done by the Goebbels propaganda machine when Hitler was preparing for unleashing World War II. It seems that proceeding from the logic of action, Mr. Weinberger's department should be called the Department of Attack rather than Department of Defence. After all, one should name things for what they are. This was done back in 1977 by the General Secretary of the Social-Democratic Party of the Federal Republic of Germany Egon Bahr at the time when Washington started its first round of forcing its European allies to accept the neutron bomb. Then Egon Bahr named this trick of the White House rulers a "symbol of crooked thinking." At that time Washington was forced to give in under public pressure and ceased the neutron hysterics at least for some time.

This is why, when the new Administration fell into the fit of "hangman's humanism," Uncle Sam's European partners began to shiver.

Back in the spring of 1981, the British Guardian, expressing the opinion of a number of West European government representatives, wrote that the U.S. plans

were a threat to European security and that they stirred a turmoil in the European countries.

A similar turmoil broke out in the United States itself.

Just days after the White House decided to start the mass production of the neutron bomb, I happened to talk to Professor Emeritus of Michigan University, Denise Regan, who said that the President's decision caused a shock among the American people who well understood the possible catastrophic aftereffects of the White House "humanism" and that more and more Americans were protesting against Washington's "philanthropy." Attempting to slow down the protests of the world public, the Reagan Administration started a puppet show, alleging that the stockpiles of these weapons would be kept in the United States and that there was no reason for any turmoil.

However, only days later, on August 10th, Secretary of Defense Weinberger admitted bluntly that the show was over. He said to a West German television correspondent: "We will use these weapons worldwide if need be."

The U.S. demand from its allies a clear consent to the deployment of the neutron weapons, absolutely disregarding the fact that the "vital interests" of the United States don't coincide with the interests of the rest of the world, primarily the West European nations. But why should the most "democratic" and the most "civilized" country on Earth take these "trifles" into account? This is why the decision to produce these weapons was taken on August 6th, the day when Japan and the whole of the truly civilized world were bowing their heads to the memory of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The decision quite resembled Harry Truman's swinging of the fist in 1945. Watch out, Europe! Some time ago you discovered America. Now, because of America, you

may never rediscover yourself among the living. This is the minimum price for realizing the "vital interests" of the "most free" country in the world.

The London Sunday Times had more reason than those who should have it in their position in the United States when that newspaper wrote that "on this basis there will never be a strong alliance between the United States and Western Europe, because public threats of arms buildup is the wrong way of behaving toward the Soviet Union, because Moscow can respond."

Under modern levels of military technology, no one can have an advantage, and in case of war there will be neither winners, nor losers. Nobody will be able to sit it out. And in case a nuclear war broke out, it would be not a European, but a global catastrophe that would put mankind on the verge of extinction.

So, can one stake on personalized shelters which only the upper crust can afford? Not all of them, though, will manage to reach it after the blast. But even if they can, what will be afterwards? Just imagine climbing from the shelter after the mist of the "humane neutron irradiation" is dispersed. It's quiet, empty. Everything's gone. Somewhere, what remained of people, end up in horrible pains. But there's a whole lot of no man's property! How beautiful! How humane! How Pentagon-like and Washington-like! And the lucky man from the bunker starts grabbing the intact dollars, and pounds, and marks, it's now all his, he is the ruler of the world. But what world? The world is no more! And all the world's wealth is no more wealth, but a bundle of trash, because material values exist as long as the world exists. And when this thought would creep into the head of the semihuman from the one-man shelter, he would wail in despair and loneliness, and in horrible pains will end up on a mound of gold letting out "humane irradiation." That would be the last sound of the last living creature on the

dead celestial body which once used to be called Earth. This is the exact picture of the end of human history, and it differs from the "localized chocolate painting" of the White House "humanists."

We began this with Abraham Lincoln's phrase on purpose. Because if it is not taken into account by those who should abide by it, then people of the world must remind them of it. We all must stop the "hangman's humanism" of those who have completely lost any sense of responsibility and mix the theater of war with the Broadway theater.

The times demand this. People demand this. This is demanded by our successors, yet unborn.

* * *

ЯРОСЛАВ АЛЕКСАНДРОВИЧ
КОРОЛЕВИЧ

НА ЭМИГРАНТСКОМ ПОСТОЯЛОМ ДВОРЕ
Памфлеты

(На английском языке)
Киев, издательство художественной литературы «Днипро», 1985

Dnipro Publishers' books can be ordered from book stores in your country which deal in Soviet literature, or directly through:

Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga
39/20 Dimitrov Street
Moscow 113095
USSR

or

Ukrknyha Export Sales Dept.
12-a Observatorna Street
Kiev, Ukrainian SSR
USSR

PAMPHLETS